

The New
HISTORY

R O F

Valentine and Orson,

Abstracted from the *French*,
and the best *English* Originals.

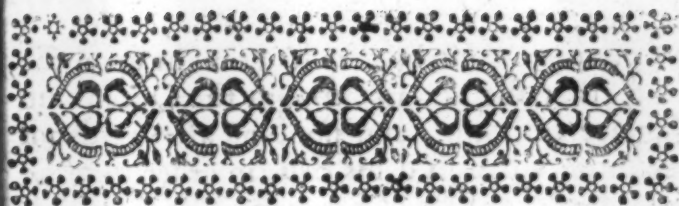
With a new Set of Figures more
Expressive of the Story, and bet-
ter adapted to the Entertainment
of the Reader, than any yet ex-
tant.

*Reader, this little Book will let thee see,
The World is all but Mutability:
Here thou mayst view the different State of
(Things,
The Rise and Fall of Emperors and Kings,
And see Success attending virtuous Deeds;
For tho' late, a sure Reward succeeds.*

LONDON:

Printed for Edw. Midwinter, at the Three Crowns
and Looking-Glass, in St. Paul's Church-Yard.





T H E
HISTORY
O F
Valentine and Orson.

C H A P. I.

*King Pepin Banishes Bertha his Queen, and gives
his Sister Bellissant in Marriage to Alexander,
Emperor of Constantinople.*

PE P I N the renowned King of France,
took to Wife Bertha, a Lady of Royal
Extraction, exceeding beautiful, and
endow'd with all manner of Graces and
Virtues suitable to her Quality, but nevertheless
subject to a World of adverse Accidents, and
Turns of Fortune, which she still bore up a-
gainst with the greatest Constancy and Reso-
lution.

lution. The grand Instrument of all her Misfortunes, was a subtle old Woman, who by her cunning Contrivances so wrought upon the King, that she at last brought the Queen into Disgrace with him, and not long afterwards got her intirely banish'd his Bed, in order to make way for a Daughter of her own. This old Woman having thus effected her Treachery, the King had two Sons by her Daughter, named *Hanfray* and *Henry*, who as they grew up, gave him much Trouble and Uneasiness by their Outrages and Fury, and at length prevailed with him to banish Queen *Bertha* utterly out of the Kingdom. Many Days this good Queen spent in extream Sorrow, and Lamentation; at last Fortune begins to turn her Frowns into Smiles; the King looks upon her with a more favourably Eye, and upon Enquiry, found out all that the wicked old Woman had charged her with, was Treacherous and False, upon which he restores her again to her former Dignity, with all imaginable Honour and Triumph; and not long after the Queen conceiv'd and bore the King a Son, which was call'd *Charlemain the Puissant*. Now King *Pepin* had a beautiful Sister, whose Name was *Bellisant*, a Lady endow'd with all the Gifts of Nature, whose Character had already spread itself into every Quarter of the Universe, and fill'd all Courts with her Praise and Commendation, inso-much that *Alexander the Great*, Emperor of *Constantinople*, was inflamed at the Report of her Wit and Beauty, and determines to take a Journey into *France*, to make his Addresses to her.

When King *Pepin* was inform'd that this Great Emperor was arriv'd in his Dominions, nothing was omitted to Welcome and Entertain him with the utmost Joy and Magnificence; he went himself with his Nobles to meet him, and at the same time, freely granted his Request in every Thing he desir'd.

Unspeakable was the Joy of the People upon their Prospect of Happiness, and nothing but Acclamations were heard through the whole Kingdom upon this new Alliance. When the Nuptial-Day was come, every Thing was perform'd with the greatest Order and Magnificence, and to the utmost Satisfaction of the Emperor himself.

After the Ceremony was over, and many Days were spent in Feastings and Rejoycings, the Emperor prepares to take leave of the King, and to return with his Consort to *Constantinople*. When the Day of their Departure came, the King with all the great Lords and Ladies of his Court set forward with them, in order to bear them Company to the utmost Limits of his Kingdom; and at their parting, nothing could be more Passionate and Endearing.

After their mutual Embraces, and all the Expressions which Love and Friendship could Suggest, were ended, the King returns to *France*, and the Emperor set Sail for *Constantinople*, where he and his Empress happily arrived in a very short Time, and were receiv'd with all possible Honour and Triumph. But, alas! these Sun shine Days did not last long, all their Joys were soon chang'd to Mournings and Lamentations;

mentations ; the good Lady *Billisant* is falsely and basely betray'd, and loaded with unjust Accusations, by which she was made odious to the Emperor her Husband, banish'd, and expos'd to a World of Hardship, Danger, and Misfortune, as will be set forth in the Sequel of this History.

C H A P. II.

The Arch-Priest at Constantinople, betrays the Emperor, and makes Love to Bellisant the Empress, who rejecting his Addresses, to save himself he practises Treason against the Innocent Lady.-

IN Constantinople liv'd an Arch-Priest, whom the Emperor lov'd so ardently, that he made him sole Commander of his House and Family, and imparted to him his very Bosom-Thoughts, and inmost Secrets. This wicked Priest forgetting all the Favours and Honours he had receiv'd, grows enamour'd of the Beauty of the young Empress, and resolves to take all Opportunities to attempt her Virtue. One Day, it so happen'd, that seeing her sitting Solitarily alone in her Chamber, he insolently enters, and places himself close down by her Side. The innocent Lady who knew his Greatness and Power with the Emperor, had no manner of thought that the lascivious Virmin had any Design upon her Honour ; and therefore permitted him to sit by her without the least Apprehension, till at length he began to express himself in the following Manner.

Right

Valentine and Orsón.

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Right Dear, and Sovereign Lady, I am your Servant and Chaplain, I beseech you therefore, hear me with Patience relate a Matter to you that concerns me no less than my Life and Happiness ; I am burnt up in Affection for your admirable Person ; and unless you find the Means to allay my Passion, I am Miserable, and Undone for ever. Alas! fair Lady, you are renown'd for all the Gifts of Nature, Fair, Amiable, Delicate, and Youthful ; be not Cruel therefore to a Person that Adores you next to the immortal Gods, but grant me your Love, and so make me the happiest Man in the World. Perhaps you will object, How dare I offend in this unlawful Act? To this, fair Lady, I answer, that I am one of God's Vicars upon Earth, and have it wholly in my Power to Absolve you from all Sins ; and therefore, trust me, fair Lady, by granting me your Love, you run the Hazard but of a very gentle Penance.

Having ended his Speech, the Lady made him this Wise and Excellent Reply. Ah! base, false, and perjur'd Hypocrite, how dar'st thou presume to offer thy beastly Love to me, who am the Wife of the Emperor, thy Master, who has bestow'd so many Favours upon thee, and rais'd thee to so many high Dignities? Oh! thou worse than Devil; thou most ungrateful and perfidious of Monsters! Thou that shouldst be my Guide and Instructor, to attempt to bring my Honour, and the Honour of my Family into perpetual Disgrace, and my Soul into the very Jaws of Death and the Devil. Forbear for Shame thy lustful Provocations, and nevertmore solicit me.

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me again to betray my own, and the Honour of my dearest Lord and Emperor: Forbear to do this, I say for the Future, lest I discover thy Villany, and bring thee under that Punishment and Shame, which the blackness of thy Crimes deserve.

This sharp Reply from the Empress so enrag'd this wicked Arch Priest, that tho' he conceal'd his Resentment, and seem'd to beg the Lady's Pardon for his Folly and Rashness, yet his curst Heart was full of nothing but Revenge, and in order to that, he Meditates upon divers Expedients, and at last concludes, that nothing could more effectually answer his Ends than Treachery, and Dissimulation.

It was some time before he could have a fit Opportunity to put his wicked Designs in Execution; at length finding the Emperor by himself, he accosts him in the following Manner:

Right noble and mighty Emperor, I should be Ungrateful to the last Degree, to forget the many high and unmerited Favours I have receiv'd from your Highness, by which I am not only bound by the strongest Ties of Duty, but by the Bonds of Love and Affection; likewise to imploy all my Care and Industry, for the good Preservation of your Person and Estate, and 'tis upon these Motives only; that I shall now take the Liberty to inform you of a Matter, in which your Honour and Welfare are both highly concern'd.

O Emperor! thus it is: *Bellissant* your Wife, and Sister to the King of *France*, is Disloyal to your Bed. You know the Sacredness of my
Function

Function forbids me to name the Person; but believe me, I beseech you, dread Sovereign, the Fact is true, and there lives not a more lascivious Woman in your Court and Kingdom; and what is still worse, One that desires your Death too, and will undoubtedly compass it, unless you manage your self with the utmost Circumspection. Now what a Scandal will this be among the Princes of the Earth, that she, whom you have taken to Wife, a Sister to a great King, one whose Beauty is incomparable, and whose Endowments of Mind, if well apply'd, are not to be equal'd by any Lady upon Earth, should, after all this, become an infamous Prostitute.

The Emperor, who with the utmost Attention, listen'd to this treacherous Impostor, and not in the least suspecting his Villany, gave him intire Credit, and became immediately exceeding sad and pensive, that his Love had been thus fatally deceived. Many Days he spent in reflecting upon the Injustice of his Wife, and what Method was proper to take to satisfy his Revenge; till at last, overstay'd by his Fury and Impatience, he rushes into her Chamber, and without saying a Word to her, fell upon her, and treated her in the most barbarous and outrageous Manner.

The poor Lady, who little expected such an unwelcome Greeting, cry'd out in a most lamentable and dismal Manner, and as well as she was able, began to say, My dearest Lord, I call all the Gods to Witness I have never done any single Action, in all the Course of my Life, to deserve this cruel Treatment from your Highness.

But

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But the Emperor not satisfy'd with this, reply'd, I am convinc'd thou art a Whore, and disloyal to my Bed, and with that gave her so cruel a Blow, that she fell to the Ground bleeding and speechless.

The whole Court was in an Uproar upon this extraordinary Occasion, and many were of Opinion that the poor Lady was injur'd and betray'd, but yet the Emperor's Fury was so extravagant, that no Man durst offer any thing in Favour of the Empress, until one of the wisest and greatest Barons of the Realm, took Courage and spoke to him to this Effect: I beseech you, dread Sovereign, what may be the Cause of this sudden Passion against thy Wife, and Virtuous Lady, a Lady so belov'd by all Degrees, and in whom was never seen the least spark of Dishonour, either toward you, or any other Person of this Empire. I would wish you to be well advis'd before you suffer your Passion to carry you any further: Consider she is the Sister of one of the greatest Kings upon Earth, and who can tell how far his Resentments may go upon such an unwarrantable Procedure.

This worthy Baron having thus ended, the poor innocent Lady, drowned in Tears, addresses herself to the Emperor. Take pity, my Lord, upon your innocent Wife, one who has never injur'd you in Thought, Word, or Deed, and if I am lost quite to your Pity, yet take Compassion of the Fruit of my Body: I am great with Child by you, I beseech you let me kept in some secure Place till after my Delivery, and then the Gods and you may dispose of me as you

you thing fit ; and this she utter'd in such passionate and moving Terms, that would have melted the hardest Heart living. But the Emperor was so bewitch'd by the Subtily and false Insinuations of the wicked Arch-Priest, that nothing could make any Impressions upon him. Thou art, says he, a false-Strumpet, and the Child thou bearest in thy Body, is rather a Dishonour than a Joy to me, thou hast taken another Partner to my Bed, and from henceforward I'll ever hate and despise thee.

The Courtiers perceiving that nothing would mitigate the Emperor's Rage, thought it proper to remove her out of his Presence, and having accordingly conveyed her into a private Apartment, in comes *Blandiman* her Squire ; who, beholding his Lady in such a miserable Condition, after having express'd his Concern in the most affectionate Manner, at length he began his Speech as follows :

I perceive (dear Madam) you are traiterously handled, and may the Gods Revenge your Cause, and do Justice to the Person that has so cruelly injur'd you. Comfort your self, good Lady, and give me leave to conduct you back again to your own Country. Take my Counsel, I beseech you, for here if you venture to stay, I'm confident you cannot be in any manner of Safety. To which the sorrowful Lady reply'd, I know, *Blandiman*, thou art a faithful Servant, but yet if I should comply with thy honest Advice, the World would be apt to conclude me Guilty, and I had rather suffer ten Thousand Deaths, than leave the least Spot upon my Reputation.

By.

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By this Time the Emperor's Fury was somewhat abated, and he order'd *Bellifant* to be brought before him; and after having shamefully reproach'd her with a World of Crimes she was utterly innocent of, he proceeds, without allowing her to offer any thing in Vindication of her self, to denounce against her the following Sentence: That she should immediately depart the City, and not be seen there any more upon the forfeiture of her Life; commanding at the same time all Persons whatever, not to give her any manner of Assistance, and that none but *Blandiman* her Squire should attend her.

The Emperor having pronounced this Sentence, early next Morning, *Bellifant*, with her faithful Servant *Blandiman*, leaves the City, being attended to the Walls with the doleful Cries and Lamentations of the People. When the poor disconsolate Lady came into the open Fields, she begins to reflect upon her miserable Condition. Alas! why was I born thus to be bandied about? says she: Why was I plac'd on the highest Pinnacle, to be tumbled down on a sudden to the lowest Pitch of Contempt? it is impossible for my Tongue to declare the Sorrow of my Heart. Oh wicked Man! that by thy Treason and Perfidy has thus brought me to my Down-fall, I may well Curse thee with Bitterness of Spirit, that has made me the unhappy Instrument, to bring such a Stain upon my kingly Family. These dismal Thoughts put her almost into a Swoon, as she was setting on her Horse's Back, insomuch that *Blandiman* had much ado to support her: At length coming to her self,

says

says he, I beseech you Madam, let not Despair get the Mastership of your Reason. The Gods are Just, and sooner or later never fail to assist the Innocent. Having thus spoken, he spies a Fountain, where we'll leave them to refresh themselves a while, till we say something of this perfidious Arch-Priest, the Cause of all these Sufferings.

C H A P. III.

The Arch-Priest puts on the Habit of a Knight, and follows the Empress in her Banishment, who in a Wood was delivered of two Sons at a Birth, Valentine and Orson.

THE Arch Priest having thus procured the Banishment of the beautiful *Bellissant*, thought it was now the proper Time to finish his Design, so puts himself immediately into the Habit of a Knight, and follows the Lady; and as he was riding through a large Forest, he happen'd to spy her sitting by the side of a Fountain, lamenting her Misfortunes. The false Priest knew the Lady perfectly, but the Lady, though she saw him making towards her, did not at first discover him through his Disguise, till at length coming nearer, she then knew him to be the wicked Contriver of all her Misfortunes. This unexpected Object put her under fresh Apprehensions. Oh Heaven! says she, this is the false Arch-Priest, and he is come to do me further Villany. Fear him not, says the faithful *Blandiman*, if he should presume to
offer

offer you any manner of Violence, I will protect you at the hazard of my Life.

They had hardly ended, before this wicked Priest was o'relighted, and pulling off his Helmet, he thus began to address himself to her: Most dear Lady, I am extreemly afflicted at the Severity of the Sentence which the Emperor has unjustly denounc'd against you, and if you will make me Happy, and entertain my Love, I will restore you to your former State, and make you shine more bright than ever you did in your Life before. Oh cruel Traytor! says she, thou hast been the Cause of all my Misery and Disgrace, and I despise and abhor thee from my very Soul. Lady, quoth he, I am not come to vex or disturb you, but to heap upon you more Joys and Pleasure than ever you met with, at which he offer'd to salute her, which *Blandiman* observing, gave him so fierce a Blow upon the Head, that he fell'd him to the Ground.

The Priest was no sooner recover'd, but he drew his Sword, and fell upon *Blandiman* with the utmost Fury. The Fight between them was very hot and doubtful, and continued so long, till a Merchant, who was accidentally riding that Way, observed the Encounter. Forbear fighting says he, till I know the Cause of your Quarrel: at which the Lady cries out, if you have any Compassion for distress'd Innocence, pity my miserable Condition. This is that Traytor, the Arch-Priest, that pursues me to gratify his Lust, and has been the Cause of the fatal Separation between me and the Emperor, my dearest Lord and Husband: Upon which, says the
Mer

Merchant, leave off base Villain this horrible Enterprize, and touch not this Innocent Lady; which when the wicked Priest heard, he immediately mounted his Horse, and fled with all the speed he was able. The Merchant staid some time to comfort the distress'd Lady, and at the same time gave her his solemn Promise, that he would inform the Emperor of the Treachery of this false Priest, and would leave nothing unattempted to do her Justice.



After the Merchant's Departure, the Lady with her trusty Squire, though sorely wounded, remount their Horses, in order to make the best of their way towards *Paris* in *France*, which was then the usual Place of Residence of King *Pepin*. Long and doleful was their Journey, and many grievous Complaints were utter'd by the poor afflicted Lady, at length they arriv'd in the Forest.

Forest of *Orleance*, where she's encounter'd with a new Scene of dreadful Miseries.

This unfortunate Empress, as you have heard, being great with Child, to add to her Misery, was overtaken with her Pains in the midst of the Forest, and constrain'd to forsake her Horse. Haste, haste, says she to *Blandiman*, and procure me the help of Women, for my Pains are upon me, and I can go no further. After *Blandiman* had taken her gently from the Horse, and laid her under a Tree, he went with all speed to procure Assistance, but first took care to mark the Place, that he might the more readily come thither again at his return.

The poor Lady being thus left alone, without any Creature to assist her, in a very short time was deliver'd of two Sons, one of which, as he lay by her Side, was snatch'd away by a great Bear, and carry'd into the thickest of the Forest. This unlook'd for Accident, was more terrible to the disconsolate Lady than all the rest of her Misfortunes. She did all her weak Condition would allow her, to recover the Infant, pursuing the Bear till he was entirely got out of her Sight; but, alas, all was in vain: and what was still worse, in the midst of the Pursuit she fell into a Swoon, in which miserable State we must leave her for the present, to speak something of the other Child which she left under the Tree.

It happened this very Day, that her Brother King *Pepin* had begun a Journey to *Constantinople*, to visit the Empress *Bellisant*, and passing with his Retinue through the same Forest where his Sister was deliver'd, he happened to spy a
naked

naked Child lying under a Tree: By the Gods, says he, this is a wonderful Adventure, and this Infant is put into my Hands for some extraordinary Cause, and therefore I will take special Care of the Child, and breed it as my own Son, upon which he gave Orders to one of his Attendance to take up the Child and carry it to a Nurse, and have it carefully brought up, which was accordingly done, and the Squire who had the Charge of the Infant, caused him to be baptiz'd and call'd after his own Name, *Valentine*.

This done, the King proceeds on his Journey, and in his Passage through the Forest, he happens upon *Blandiman*, whom he presently knew, and call'd to him. What good News, says he, *Blandiman* from *Constantinople*, how fares it with the Empress my Sister? *Blandiman*, after having paid his Obedience to the King, relates at large all that befel the Empress. When the King had patiently heard out his Relation, by the Gods, says he, the Emperor's Sentence against my Sister has been over Merciful, and if I had her now in my Power, I would make her an Example to all the World. Cursed Woman! now are all my Hopes and Expectations disappointed, and so in that Distrust and Melancholy, the King with all his Attendance return'd back to *Paris*.

Blandiman perceiving the King's Displeasure, judg'd it improper to mention any thing further concerning *Bellissant*, but leaving the Company, hastens to the Tree where he left the Lady in travail, and not finding her there, he sought diligently from Place to Place, till at length he discover'd her lying flat upon the Ground, and

Speech-

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Speechless, through Grief for the loss of her Child. He immediately took her into his Arms, and setting her upon her Feet, enquires of her, how she came to stray so far from the Place he left her in.

Alas! says she, *Blandiman*, my Sorrows are insupportable: You had no sooner left me, but I was deliver'd of two Children, one of which a Savage Bear has depriv'd me of. I have been following the Beast as far as I was able, but my Strength failing, I could not recover the Tree where I left the other. The other, Madam, says *Blandiman*, I came but this Moment from the Tree, but saw no Child either there or thereabout; at these Words the poor Lady was so inwardly wounded, that *Blandiman* had enough to do to support her; at length he took her by the Hand, and led her to the Tree, but who can express her Grief and Agonies, when she saw the other Child gone likewise.

Ah! quoth she, how miserable a Wretch am I, to be at once deprived of all Comfort and Satisfaction, and to be thus over-whelm'd with Sorrows that are insupportable: But, O my dear Emperor! thou art the Cause of the loss of my Children, and all my other Misfortunes, tho' on my part, I call the Gods and Heaven to Witness, I never injur'd thee in any particular. *Blandiman* comforted her all he could, and finding her Spirits exhausted, he prevail'd with her to go to a neighbouring Village, and to continue there till she had recover'd a little Strength, and there it was he inform'd her of what had happen'd upon his meeting the King her Brother in the

the Forest : Your Brother, says he, was mightily incens'd when I told him of your Misfortunes, and seem'd to excuse the Emperor, and to lay the whole Blame upon you. Alas! says he, I am beset with Adversaries on every side, what must I do? Oh! ye Gods direct me: I will never return to *Paris*, but rather seek Refuge in some remote Country. Quoth *Blandiman*, I have intirely devoted my Life to your Service, and if you will give me leave, I will bear you Company through all Adventures.

C H A P. IV.

A Bear carries away one of the Children, with the manner of it.

THE Bear, as you have heard, carry'd away one of the Children, but did it no harm, and bore it home to her Cave, where she had four young Ones, among whom she lay'd it to be devour'd; but the young Ones, contrary to their Nature, instead of devouring the Child, play'd with it, and used it gently, which the old Bear perceiving, grew exceeding fond of it, and permitted it to suck among the rest.

The Child by this sort of Nourishment, grew tough like a Beast, and as he increas'd in Strength, he began to range about the Woods, and to smite and terrify the rest of the Beasts. In this State he continued for the space of fifteen Years, and at length grew so exceeding Fierce and Ravenous, that neither Man nor Beast durst come nigh the Forest. His Name was called

Orson,

Orson, from his Bear-like Nature and Shape, and the Renown of him grew so great, that it soon spread all over *France*, insomuch that several Persons came often to hunt him, but without Success, for he still prevail'd against them all; and tho' he was always naked, his Skin was Proof against all manner of Weapons. But to drop this Story at present of the Bear, and the Wild-man, and to return to *Bellifant* his Mother, who, after much Dānger in her Passage through divers Countries, arrives with *Blandiman* her Squire, at a Port in *Portugal*, where every Ship that touch'd, was oblig'd to pay a Tribute to a mighty Giant call'd *Ferragus*.



It was a Custom with this Giant, it seems, to visit all the Ships that came into that Port, and coming into that Ship in which was *Bellifant* and her Squire, he cast his Eyes upon her, and taking her by the Hand, led her to his Castle.

and presented her to his Wife, a very beautiful young Lady, who receiv'd her with much Civility, and was exceedingly pleas'd with the Conversation of such an incomparable Woman. The Giant gave a Charge that the Lady should be treated with all manner of Honour and Respect; and his Wife on her part was not wanting in any thing to entertain and comfort the poor distressed Empress. She stay'd in this Castle for a considerable Time, (with as much Satisfaction as her miserable State would permit) and there we'll leave her for the present, to return to see how the Matters stand with the Emperor at Constantinople.

C H A P. V.

The Arch-Priest's Treason's discover'd, and King Pepin sent for by the Emperor, to be present at the Combat between the Arch-Priest and the Merchant.

THE Emperor having expell'd his Wife, often repented him, but the cursed Priest had him so much at his Disposal, that nothing could be done without his Approbation: He was the sole Manager of the great Affairs of the Realm, and all Taxes and Impositions were levy'd and receiv'd by him. Among the rest, the Emperor entrusted him with the Receipts of his Customs, which were yearly paid at a great Mart that was held at the City of Constantinople.

It was this Mart, that this wicked Priest, going into the City to collect the Customs, was discover'd by the Merchant that came up to 'em, whe

when *Blandiman* and he were fighting, concerning the distressed Lady *Bellifant*. This cursed Priest, when he saw the Merchant, was in a mighty Consternation, and began immediately to form Contrivances to take away his Life, but he knew not how to affect it at present, for fear of a Tumult: However, it happened afterwards at the End of the Mart, that the Arch-Priest sending out his under Officers to collect the Customs, one of them came to this very Merchant to demand the Duties for the Wares he had Sold, which the Merchant thinking to be very Exorbitant, says he, Cursed be that dishonest Arch-Priest, he is the Cause of all these Exactions, and of all the Mischiefs and Confusions that has happened between the Emperor and his virtuous Empress, it had been good for all Men if he had long since ended his Life with Shame and Infamy.

At which Words the Officer struck the Merchant on the Head with his Staff, and the Merchant in return, drew his Sword, and smote the Officer; at which there arose instantly a mighty Tumult, and the rest of the Officers coming to the Assistance of their Fellow, the Merchant was taken and carried directly before the Arch-Priest, who was exceedingly rejoiced at the Opportunity, and resolv'd immediately to put him to Death, but the Merchant appeal'd to Justice, and to have his Cause try'd by the Law, which the Arch-Priest for fear of the People was forc'd to comply with.

In this Court of Justice, it is where the Emperor himself sits as supream Judge, before whom

whom, when the Merchant was brought, and the Accusation was open'd against him, he suddenly fell upon his Knees, and thus address'd himself to the Emperor.

Most Excellent Prince, If you will vouchsafe to grant me Audience, I have Matters to lay before your Highness of the last Importance. Mighty Emperor, and you the Nobles and Barons of this renowned Empire, the Time is come that the Treachery of this cursed Arch-Priest shall be reveal'd. I beseech you hear me with Patience, this is the wicked Person that has occasion'd all the Discord between your Majesty and your virtuous Consort. This cursed Priest instead of promoting the Honour and Interest of his Sovereign, has to the utmost of his Power, endeavour'd to bring him into Contempt and Disgrace. Believe me, mighty Emperor, what I am about to tell you, I my self am an Eye witness of.

It happened on a Day after the Banishment of the Empress, as I was riding through a Wood, I saw this cursed Priest in the Habit of a Knight, furiously fighting with a Person unarm'd, whom I soon discover'd to be *Blandiman*, Squire to the Empress, at the same time I perceived a Lady piteously weeping, who earnestly desir'd me to lend her Assistance against this wicked Priest, that sought by Force to rob her of her Honour. 'Tis by his Cunning and Treachery, and only his, that I am brought into Disgrace with my Lord the Emperor, whom I have never injur'd in Thought, Word or Deed; at which I immediately rushed be-

B

tween

tween them, and this Arch Priest finding himself discover'd and disappointed, set Spurs to his Horse, and fled into the Wood. When he was gone, the good Lady told me her Refusal of his unlawful Love, had been the Occasion of his Contrivances against her, and had brought her to the miserable State she now was in.

When the Emperor heard this he was toucht to the very Heart. Ah! thou false and perfidious Servant, says he, hast thou thus repay'd all my Love and Favours to thee, with Treachery and Disloyalty; in an evil Hour I gave Credit to thy bewitching Tongue, and thereby deserve to carry the Brand of my own Folly. The false Priest observing the Rage of the Emperor encreasing to a high Degree, strove to appease him as well as he could.

I beseech you, says he, be not too hasty in crediting this slanderous Tale; all that he has charg'd me with, is utterly false and groundless.

Thou liest basely, says the Merchant, and if thou persist in the Denial, I challenge thee to a Combat, and will undertake to make good what I affirm against thee at the Peril of my Life.

The Emperor finding the Merchant so positive and resolute, told the Arch-Priest, that either he must accept the Challenge, or own himself guilty of the Facts that were charg'd upon him, to which the treacherous Priest reply'd, That his Office was a sufficient Excuse for him to refuse the Challenge: Nay, says the Emperor, a Case of this high Nature, will admit of no Excuse, you must either accept the
Combat

Combat, or own your self guilty : At these Words the Arch-Priest seem'd much dismay'd ; however, at length rather through Force than Inclination, accepted the Combat, and so the Time and Place was accordingly appointed.

During this Interval, News was brought to the Emperor, that King *Pepin* was come to Rome to assist the Pope against the *Saracens*, to whom, by Advice of his Counsel, he immediately dispatch'd Embassadors to invite him to *Constantinople*, in order to be present at the Combat between the false Arch-Priest and the Merchant, in Vindication of his Sister *Bellisant's* Honour. When the King had read the Letter which the Emperor had sent him, he swore by the Gods, that if his Sister, he would leave nothing unattempted to revenge her Quarrel, and so without Delay, order'd every thing to be got in a Readiness for his Journey.

When Advice was brought to the Emperor, that King *Pepin* was arrived in his Dominions, he went with his whole Court to meet him, and to conduct him in Triumph : At their first Interview, the Thoughts of the Injuries offer'd to *Bellisant*, had such a powerful Influence upon the Emperor, that he could not refrain from Tears and Expressions of the deepest Sorrow. On the other hand King *Pepin*, who was extremely enraged at what had happened to his Sister, replies, If my Sister be an Harlot, she's unworthy your Lamentation, but if she be innocent, then you have used her with so much Injustice and Barbarity, that all you can

do will be too little to make her or me Satisfaction.

Alas! my Brother, says the Emperor, forbear to aggravate my Sorrow, which is already too heavy for me to bear, but rather give me your friendly Advice, to find out a Remedy against this terrible Misfortune.

Quoth the King, Your scandalous Proceedings with my Sister, will allow of no Remedy; You have drawn an Infamy upon our illustrious Family, that the longest Time will be hardly able to wipe off. How little Regard you have had to my Dignity, I leave to your self, first, that without mature Deliberation, and next without my Knowledge, you have taken such violent Methods. Whilst such Discourses as these pass between them, they came at length to Constantinople, where we'll leave them for the present, and proceed to enquire into the Nature and Success of the Combat, between the Arch Priest and the Merchant.

CHAP. VI.

The Arch-Priest and the Merchant meets, and Combat at the Time and Place appointed; the Merchant gains the Victory, and clears the Lady's Honour.

THE appointed Day for the Combat being come, both the Combatants came into the Field, and presented themselves before the Emperor, the Arch-Priest first, completely armed

armed with rich and costly Habiliment, which the Emperor observing, called the Merchant, and after he had dubbed him a Knight, he caused a most noble Armour to be put upon him in the Presence of King *Pepin*, who spoke to him in the following Manner: My Friend, the Gods give thee Victory over this false Traytor, I vow unto thee, in the Presence of this great Assembly, that if thou art the Instrument to clear the Innocence of my Sister *Bellifant*, I will take thee with me into *France*, and make thee a Companion for the best of my Kingdom.

I doubt not, says the Merchant, but that the Gods will espouse the Cause of the Innocent, and make me the Means before Night, to force this treacherous Priest to acknowledge his Villainy. After this the Heralds administered to both the usual Oath, so the List was cleared, and the Champions left to their Fortunes. No sooner had they received their Spears from the Marshals, but they put Spurs to their Horses, and ran at each other with such Violence, that their Spears were shiver'd to pieces in their Hands. When the Arch-Priest found he was so stiffly matcht, he would have delay'd the Combat till Evening, but the Merchant continued to redouble his Strokes with much Fury, and in their Encounter smote off one of his Ears, but had at the same time the Misfortune to let fall his Sword, which the Arch-priest perceiving, ran against the Merchant's Horse with such Violence, that he beat out one of his Eyes, which

so enraged the Horse, that he never ceas'd leaping and bounding, till he unhors'd his Rider, and what was worse, dragg'd him by one of his Feet that hung in the Stirrup about the Field,



to the great Discouragement of all that wisht well to the Lady *Bellissant*, and particularly to King *Pepin* himself; but at length the Horse happening to fall, the Merchant got clear of the Stirrup, but yet before he could intirely recover himself, the Arch-Priest had given him several Blows with such Violence, that he was almost astonisht: However, being something reviv'd, and having regain'd his Sword, he assail'd the Arch Priest with greater Fury than before, which so incensed him, that he spur'd his Horse against the Merchant, in order to run him down, which he had certainly done, if he had not prevented him by giving his Horse a Stab in the Belly, upon which he began to leap

leap and fling, that the Arch-Priest had enough to do to save himself from falling, and here it was in striving he lost his Helmet, which the Merchant observing, smote his Horse again into the Belly, that both he and the Rider came to the Ground, and before he could recover himself, he dealt with him in such manner, that he had brought him intirely under his Power, upon which the Priest begg'd his Life, and yielded himself vanquish'd ; but the Merchant had no sooner suffer'd him to rise, but catch'd him in his Arms, and threw him upon the Ground, and vow'd he would instantly kill him, unless he would do what he commanded ; and what should that be, but to go with him before the Emperor, and to acknowledge all, that he had charg'd him with, was utterly false and groundless.

The Merchant, tho' from his Soul he abhor'd any thing so exceedingly villainous, yet thought best to comply with him, till he could find an Opportunity to discharge himself out of his Clutches, which accordingly happened ; for being got from under him, and at Liberty, he immediately took him in his Arms, and by main Force threw him upon the Ground, where having treated him after his Deserts, and then put out his Eyes to prevent him from doing any further Mischief, he called to the Marshals of the Field, and desir'd them to call the Emperor and the King, to come and hear this wicked Priest's Confession, seeing he was intirely vanquish'd, which the Marshals perform'd, as he requested.

When the Emperor and the King, with the rest of the Nobles, had heard the villanous Priest acknowledge that the Empress was entirely innocent, and that the wicked Plot was all of his own forming; who can express the Joy and Sorrow of these two mighty Potentates, and of the rest of the Assembly.

The first Thing that was determin'd, was the Execution of this wicked Priest, which being finish'd, the Emperor came to King *Pepin*, and in the most friendly and passionate Manner, endeavour'd to excuse himself to him for the Disgrace of his Sister; vowing as a true Mark of the Sense of his Indiscretion, he would be his Servant to the End of his Life; upon which a perpetual Peace is made between them, and King *Pepin*, but not without some heavy Cogitations, sets forward for his own Country.

Great were the Rejoycings in *France* upon the Return of their Sovereign, and among others, the 'Squire that had the keeping of *Valentine*, came to wait upon the King, bringing with him the young Man, to whom he presented him, giving an Account at the same time of his extraordinary Endowments, both of Body and Mind. The King took him by the Hand, and asked him several Questions, which he answer'd with so much good Sense and Ability, that the King was so charm'd with him, that he made him many large Presents, and order'd him for the future, to be educated with his own Children.

Valentine who was ever practising Feats of Arms, which the King observing, furnish'd him with

with Horse and Armour, and all Things suitable, equal to the best Knight in *France*, which rais'd him many Enemies among the Courtiers, only *Eglantine* the King's fair Daughter had an extream Tenderneis and Regard for him, and strongly oppos'd his going with her Father, to the Assistance of the Pope against the *Sarazens*.

It was not long before every thing was got in a Readiness for the King's Journey, and *Valentine*, who had a high Command in the Army, set forward among the rest. When they came into the Wood of *Orleance*, the King told them, he was inform'd there was a Savage in the Shape of a Man, that infested these



Woods, and gave great Disturbance to the Passengers, and he should be glad, before they proceeded any farther, if he could be taken.

and brought before him, upon which the Wood is begirt, and the King ventring too far, came to the Cave where the Wild Man was, who no sooner saw him, but he flew upon him with great Fury, and doubtless had torn him to pieces, if he had not been prevented by a Knight, who drawing his Sword, gave the King an Opportunity to make his Escape. The King relates the Story to the whole Company, who joining themselves together, resolve to take Orson alive, or put him to Death. When they came, they found the Knight slain, and Orson fled, which occasion'd them to give over the Pursuit, till a fitter Opportunity.

After this the King hastens to Rome, but before he could arrive, the Sarazens had taken the Town, and put many Thousand Christians to the Sword, which so enraged him, that he vow'd Revenge, however, thought it proper to give a little Respite to his Army, and what after befall shall be related in the proper Place.

C H A P. VII.

King Pepin. Besieges Rome: Valentine kills the Admiral of the Sarazens, and wins the City.

King Pepin being thus come to Rome, made a Speech to his Army, representing the Havock that these bloody Idolaters had made, and the Necessity there was to give them speedy Battle, desiring one of his Officers would carry a Letter

Letter of Defiance to their Admiral, which none accepting, *Valentine* stood up and offer'd to carry the Message, which King *Pepin* greatly approv'd, and order'd a Secretary to be brought to write one, which he sign'd and gave to *Valentine*, who accordingly deliver'd it to the Admiral in his own Palace. Upon the Receipt of this Letter of Defiance, the Marshal was so ex-



ceedingly enrag'd, that he swore by *Mahomet*, if he thought he undertook this bold Adventure through Pride or vain Glory, he should be punish'd with Death. *Valentine* in his Defence, pretended that he was reputed a Coward in the French Army, and in Disgrace with the King, and had no other Way to recover, but by bringing this Message, which I beg you to Excuse; adding further, that I have it in Command from the King, to offer to break a Spear with you in single Combat.

When

The History of

When the Admiral heard this bold Speech, he swore by *Mahomet*, he should not be refus'd; but at this Instant, says he, I offer thee the Just, and to make the Matter more Conspicuous, it shall be done without the City. After this, the Marshal order'd *Valentine* to be entertain'd with the utmost Respect, and withal commanded that he should be furnish'd with a Horse and Armour, in all Points equal to his own.

Before the time of their Justing, *Valentine* was not wanting to let the King know, what had happened, and likewise to prepare the Christians within the City to be ready against the Signal. When the Champions were enter'd the List, and each of them prepared for the Encounter, they ran the first Course with such Violence, that both their Spears were shiver'd



in a thousand Pieces, and at the second, the Admiral was quite run through the Body, upon which the Pagans were preparing to fall upon *Valentine*,

Valentine, which King *Pepin* observing, march'd with his whole Army to his Assistance, on which ensu'd a bloody Battle, wherein the Christians at last prevail'd, and slew the *Sarazens* in mighty Numbers, and so restored the City to its former Liberty.

C H A P. VIII.

Haufray and Henry grew Jealous of the King's Love to *Valentine*.



King *Pepin* having reliev'd *Rome*, returns to his own Country, where he is welcom'd with all the Demonstrations of Joy, nor was *Valentine* an unwelcome Guest to the generality of the People, especially to *Eglantine*, who took all Opportunity to give him daily Tokens of her Affection,

Affection, only *Haufry* and *Henry* bore him Ill-will, and sought his Destruction. It happened one Day, when the King was at Dinner, that *Valentine* was attending upon him, that the King call'd to him, and in the hearing of all his Nobles, told him, That he was indebted to him for the Preservation of his Life, and for many other signal Acts of Duty and Service, and that in Consideration thereof, he freely gave him the Earldom of *Clarimond*, and would be sure to shew him further Marks of his Favour the first Opportunity.

This New Declaration of the King's, gave the two Brothers, *Haufry* and *Henry* fresh Cause for Malice and Jealousy, insomuch that they contrive daily Plots to take away his Life, which *Valentine* nothing suspecting, went on chearfully in the King's Service, and grew every Day more and more in his Favour. But leave we this at present, to return a little to his Brother *Orson*, against whom such frequent Complaints were brought to Court, that the King with the Advice of his Nobles, issu'd out his Proclamation with a Reward of a Thousand Crowns, for any that should take this furious Wild-Man, either alive or dead, and bring his Head before him.

Hercupon assembled many Knights to take this Affair in hand, and whilst the King was debating with them, *Haufry*, *Valentine's* Enemy being there, propos'd to the King to send *Valentine*, who having offered unlawful love to your Daughter *Eglantine*, he is the fittest to fight this Savage, whom, if he vanquishes, let him have her in Marriage. The King knew the Malice
of

of his Heart, replies, These Speeches are Ungrateful to me, I know him to be Wise and Valiant, and believe him to be of noble Extraction, and my Will is, that he have Access to my Daughter when ever he pleases.

Valentine who heard all that pass'd, tells *Haufray*, You speak Ill against me without Cause: However, since you propose the Conquest of this Wild-Man, I will undertake the Enterprize, or leave my Carcass dead in the Field.

At this the King was exceeding Angry at his two Sons, for putting *Valentine* upon so dangerous an Undertaking; and the fair *Eglantine* made great Lamentation upon the same Occasion, who sent one of her Damosels to *Valentine*, desiring to speak with him, but he excused himself saying, 'Twas improper at present, but he was fully determin'd to take upon him the Expedition, in which, if he succeeded, he would at his Return, do himself the Honour to wait upon her, and so took his Leave.

C H A P. IX.

Valentine Conquers Orson his Brother, a Wild-Man in the Woods of Orleance, and presents him to King Pepin.

NOW *Valentine* went on his Journey, and soon arriv'd in the Forest, but it being Night, he tyed his Horse to a Tree, and betook himself to the Top for his Security: As soon as it was Day, looking round about him, he observ'd his Brother *Orson* running towards him, and coming

The History of

coming to the Tree where the Horse was tyed, and having never seen such a Horse before, he began to scratch and tear him with his Nails, upon which the Horse grew Mad, and kick'd at him with great Fury.



Valentine perceiving his Horse in Danger, made all the Speed he could to come to relieve him, and drawing his Sword, smote at *Orson*, who seeing the Sword, leap'd aside, but returning swiftly upon *Valentine*, took hold on him, and threw him to the Ground, where he was in great Danger of being torn to Pieces, which certainly had happened, had he not at that Instant given *Orson* a deep Stab with a Knife into the Side.

The Fight continued with different Success a long while, till both growing Faint and out of Breath, *Valentine* looking stedfastly upon him, made

made Signs to him, That if he would submit himself to him, he would give him Food and Raiment, and all other Necessaries befitting a Human Creature. *Orson*, who understood his Meaning, made Signs also, that he would obey him in every thing he desir'd, and thus *Valentine* overthrew the Wild-Man, and led him after him like a tame Beast, which is very much to be admired, considering he was but just before so fierce and desperate.

Valentine leading the Wild-Man towards *Orleance*, was oblig'd to stop at a Village, where the People were so afraid of *Orson*, that they retir'd into their Houses, and shut up their Doors; whereupon, *Valentine* by Signs, bid the Wild-Man break open one of the Gates of an Inn, into which they enter'd, and refreshed themselves with the best the House afforded, particularly *Orson*, who drank so freely of the Wine, that he became intoxicated; and throwing himself on the Floor, slept as his Custom was, like one of the Wild-Beasts in the Forest.

Next Morning, *Valentine* leading the Wild-Man, took his Way to *Orleance*, where when they arriv'd, the whole City was in an Uproar, and forsook their Houses for fear of him. By this time Tydings came to King *Pepin*, that *Valentine* had conquer'd and brought the wild Man to *Orleance*, which when the King heard, he was mightily surpriz'd, and astonish'd, crying out, That *Valentine* was the most fortunate Knight living, and was doubtless design'd by the Gods for great and noble Events.

The History of

Valentine coming to Court, the Porter shut the Gates against him, till he bid him go tell the



King, he need be under no Apprehensions of the Wild-Man, for he would hurt no Body; so *Valentine* took him by the Hand and led him to the great Hall where the King sat accompanied with his Nobles; the King viewing him narrowly, said, That he was of fair Stature, and if he were cloath'd and arm'd, he would have the Shape of a comely and worthy Knight.

Says *Valentine*, my Liege, I think 'twere proper he were baptiz'd, which being done, and Supper ended, they all retir'd to their respective Apartments, and *Valentine* and *Orson* were conducted to a fair Chamber, where *Orson* instead of going to Bed, laid himself down on the Floor, and fell asleep according to his accustom'd Manner.

C H A P. X.

*Hausfry and Henry conspire Valentine's Death;
Duke Savary sends to the King for Aid against
the Green Knight, who threatned to marry his
Daughter against his Consent.*

NEXT Morning at the Lady Eglantine's Request, Valentine took Orson, and brought him into her Chamber, where were several Ladies of the Court, whom Orson entertain'd with several diverting Signs and Gestures. Whilst this Assembly where at Eglantine's Chamber, Hausfry and Henry, whose Hearts always boild with Mischief against Valentine, thought it the properest time to destroy him; and accordingly going thither, Hausfry first virulently upbraids him with Disloyalty; then giving him at the same time a mighty Blow with his Fist, upon the Face, so that the Blood ran out of his Mouth: Henry on the other hand, thought to have smitten him with a Glaive to the Ground, but Orson perceiving it, leap'd out, and gave Hausfry such a Stroke with his rough Fist, that he fell'd him, and then ran to Henry, and girded them so in his Arms, that had not the Ladies interpos'd, he had certainly destroy'd them both.

Upon this a mighty Out-cry ran through the Court; Hausfry and Henry hastening to their Father, to tell him how ill they had been treated by Valentine, and the Wild Man: Which when the King heard, he was exceeding sorrowful, telling them that as for Orson, he would have

have him put into Prison, and not to stir from thence without Leave, and then sent to *Valentine* to know the true Cause of this Uproar: Who when he came before the King, and related all the Circumstances, the King was exceeding Wrath, saying, That *Orson* had done no more than what became him, and as for you, *Hausfry* and *Henry*, I see plainly your Malice against *Valentine*, therefore I charge you not to act any more Ill against him, as you will answer it to my Displeasure.

Not long after this, it happen'd that Duke *Savary* sent to King *Pepin* for Aid, against the Green Knight, who invaded his Territories, designing to take his Daughter away from him by Force of Arms. The King promised the Messengers he would assist the Duke, but scarce had he made the Promise, when News was brought him, that the *Almains* were come against him with a great Army, as far as *Lyons*; the King was very much surprized at this, and so assembled his Nobles in Counsel, wherein 'twas resolved that the Army should forthwith march against the *Almains*, and so dismissed the Messengers from the Duke, with Letters, importing, That he was obliged to defend his own Country, which gave the Duke great Uneasiness, being very much oppressed by the Green Knight.

But here it is observ'd, That this Green Knight was Brother to *Ferragus* the Giant, who kept the Lady *Bellifant*, Mother of *Valentine* and *Orson*. Duke *Savary* having no Hopes of Aid from King *Pepin*, resolved to try the Success

Valentine and Orson.

45

cess of a Battle with his own Soldiers. On the Day of the Battle, the Duke observing the Green Knight to bear down all before him, prepares to encounter him Hand to Hand, without considering what was commonly said of him, which was, that he could never be vanquished but by a Kings's Son, who never had sucked the Breast of a Woman.



In the Heat of the Battle, the Duke venturing too far, was taken Prisoner, and brought before the Green Knight, who told him, that now he was his Vassal, and that he could no ways purchase his Enlargement, but by giving him his Daughter *Feyon* in Marriage, and if thou refusest this, says he, I will take her by Force, and then waste all *Aquitain* with Fire and Sword; to which the Duke reply'd, Proud *Sarazen*, I will never consent to give thee my Daughter, unless thou wilt first be baptiz'd.

Says

Says the Green Knight, I am captivated by the exquisite *Fezon*, and therefore make thee this Proposition, that if in six Months thou canst find out a Champion that shall vanquish me in single Combat, I will restore thee to thy Liberty ; but if I happen to be Conqueror, Thou shalt swear to deliver me thy fair Daughter to be my lawful Wife : These Conditions being agreed on, Duke Savary departs to *Aquitain*, and caused Messengers to be dispatch'd to all Countries, with the Advertisement following : ' That if there were any Knight that dare encounter the Green Knight, for the Love of a fair *Fezon*, he should lay down his Gage. What follow'd may be seen in the succeeding Chapter.

C H A P. XI.

Divers Knights arrive in Aquitain, to gain a second Tournament, the Love of the Lady Fezon : Haulfry and Henry lay in Ambush to take away the Life of Valentine.

DURING this time, King *Pepin* had overthrow King *Lampatris*, and the *Almains*, and having ended that War, return'd into *France* with all his Soldiers, where being told of Duke *Savary's* Advertisement, he says, in the Presence of all his Knights and Barons, whoever amongst you would win the fair *Fezon*, must take upon him to Combat the Green Knight, whom if he overcomes, the Duke will not only give him his Daughter

Daughter, but one half of his Dukedom. None of the Knights offering to undertake the Enterprize, *Valentine* step'd forth and spoke thus to the King :

Dread Sovereign, Having a great Desire to find out my Parents, I will with your Majesty's Permission, leave *France*, and go to *Aquitain*, to encounter this Green Knight ; perhaps I may in a foreign Country, find out whence I am descended ; to which the King assented, after having made him Promise to return to *France*, if he escap'd with Life. But e'er he departed, *Eglantine* sent for him, and after making several Protestations to *Valentine*, of her Affection for him : He told her, That he being a poor Foundling, was unworthy the Love of so aimable a Princess, but if he in his Travels find his Descent answerable, she should be the only Choice he would make : So leaving fair *Eglantine* full of Grief, he departed with *Orson* towards *Aquitain*.

Whilst they were on their Way, *Haufray* and *Henry*, with *Grygar*, a Relation of theirs, consult to destroy them, and so lay in Ambush in a Forest, where they of Necessity must pass through : Soon after, *Valentine* and *Orson* coming by, *Grygar* who commanded the Assassins, suddenly gave *Valentine* a Blow with his Sword, which piercing through his Armour, made a deep Gash in his Body. *Valentine* though amaz'd, drew forth his Sword, and instantly slew three or four of them ; and *Orson* on the other Hand, laid about him with such Fury, that none durst approach on either Side ; at length

over-

overpower'd by Multitudes, *Valentine* is taken bound, and convey'd to a Castle in the Forest, kept by a famous Thief, Kinsman to *Grygar*, and thrown into a Dungeon, where he sorely laments his miserable Condition.



Valentine being thus surpriz'd, taken Prisoner, and convey'd to the Castle, *Orson* escaping *Grygar*'s Fury, travels Night and Day, till he came to *Paris*, and running directly to Court, where the King was at Dinner, by Signs and Tokens, shews the Manner of *Valentine*'s being taken, and made Prisoner, and running through the Hall making a lamentable Noise, spies *Grygar*, who was just got there before him, to bring *Hausfy* and *Henry* the Intelligence, and flew so fiercely upon him, that he struck out one of his Eyes, and broke out four of his Teeth; all the while *Grygar* crying out for Help.

Help, and had he not been rescued by a certain valiant Knight then present, he had never gone from the Place alive.

Orson upon this was brought before the King, and being ask'd the Reason of the Outrage, he by Signs made him understand that *Grygar* had betray'd *Valentine*, and thereupon clenching his Fist, he put it to his Mouth in great Rage, in Token of Defiance : King *Pepin* perceiving that the Wild Man challeng'd *Grygar*, imagin'd there might be some hidden Reason for it, so taking Advice of his Nobles, it was resolv'd that *Grygar* should accept it and Combat *Orson*, which he stiffly opposed, dreading his Adversary's Strength, and telling the King that the Match was unequal, being not a Man against a Man, but against a Creature void of Sense, and not acted by Humanity or Reason, but his Opposition was vain, for King *Pepin* would not recal the Sentence of the Combat, but persisted in having it executed on the Morrow.

C H A P. XII.

Orson and *Grygar* fight ; *Orson* gains the Victory, *Grygar* confesses his Treason, for which he is hang'd, and *Valentine* set at Liberty.

THE Place of Combat being appointed, *Orson* came, and at Length *Grygar* well arm'd, tho' he expected nothing but Death. The King and his Nobles being assembled, the Judges were appointed, and the Trumpet sounding, *Grygar*

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enter'd

enter'd the Lists, telling *Orson* he would be reveng'd on him for the Loss of his Eye, but *Orson* only shew'd him his Nails, and gnashed his Teeth, whereat *Grygar* setting Spurs to his Horse, ran with great Force against him, but *Orson* nimbly avoided it, by leaping aside, and the Spear stuck fast in the Earth, which *Orson* taking the Advantage of, suddenly snatch'd the Spear, and astonish'd him therewith: *Grygar*, thereupon, rid away about the Lists from *Orson*, but he follow'd him closely, and overtaking him at last, caught his Horse by the Forelegs, and by main Force threw both to the Ground, whereat the People gave a great Shout, and *Orson* loosing the Horse, ran furiously up to *Grygar*, who lay upon the Ground sore bruise'd, and setting his Foot on the Traytor's Shoulder, tore off his Shield, and taking from him his Sword, fell to wounding him all over the Body, whereupon *Grygar* yielded, and said he would confess his Treason.

Being brought before the King, he confess'd by the Instigations of *Hausfy* and *Henry*, he had betray'd and imprison'd *Valentine*, whereupon the King commanded him to be hang'd on the next Tree, which was accordingly done, to the great Joy of every one, but the two Traitors.

King *Pepin* immediately sent two of his Nobles to release *Valentine* from the Prison, which they performed with great Pleasure, and likewise told him how *Orson* had conquer'd and made *Grygar* confess Treasons; whereupon *Valentine* embracing *Orson* took his Leave of

of the Nobles, and pursued his Journey towards *Aquitain*.

Valentine coming near the City of *Aquitain*, after long Travel, without meeting any Adventures, *Orson* all the while attending him, he being a Thirst, and seeing a Fountain, he rode up to it, and alighting, after he had drank, he laid down to refresh himself, *Orson* being his Guard all the while. He was at length disturbed by the Trampling of a Horse, and looking about, saw thereon a proud and haughty Knight, whose Custom was to kill every one whom he met, if they did not salute him; *Valentine* did not regard him, but *Orson* seeing his proud Demeanour look'd sternly on him, which so incensed him, that he rode up to *Orson*, and gave him so great a Blow, that the Blood issued forth abundantly.

Valentine seeing the Wrong done to his Companion, said to the proud Knight, Why hast thou smitten a poor Wild Man, who has not the Use of his Tongue?

Proud Miscreant, reply'd the other, why dost thou not salute me, and with that smote *Valentine* with a Glaive, who being incens'd return'd him so violent a Blow, that it made him fall dead to the Earth, which his 'Squire beholding, with great Grief took up the Body and departed, in order to have it interr'd, though at the same time he acknowledged his proud and rash Behaviour was rightly rewarded.

Being come to *Aquitain*, the People flock'd from all Parts to see *Orson*, admiring at his rough

rough and unmanly Shape? but *Valentine* made him a Jacket of Steel, which *Orson* at length became proud of, and having thus accourted him, they went to Duke *Savary's* Palace, where meeting the Duke, *Valentine* told him.



Great Duke, I am hither come to combat the Green Knight, and also to behold the beauteous *Fezon*, of whom the World so loudly talks. Upon which the Duke received him exceeding courteously, and taking him by the Hand, lead him into the Palace, where Fifteen other Knights were, who came to try their Valour with the Green Knight, for the Love of the fair Lady.

Among which Assembly of Champions stood the Lady to whom *Valentine* after having saluted her with great Reverence, spoke thus, presenting

ing Orson, Behold fair Creature, the Champion sent hither by the great *Pepin*, King of *France*, on whom though Nature never bestow'd the Gift of Speech, yet she has given him such invincible Courage and Fortitude. that not the Green Knight, or any other on Earth can withstand him: To which *Fezon* answered, I thank the King for sending, and you for bringing him; but pray Sir Knight, why is this valorous Man no better habited? Upon which *Valentine* related to her, how he had conquered him in the Wood, and all *Orson's* Adventures from that Time, to which *Fezon* seem'd very attent, and often casting a smiling Look on *Orson*, whom she greatly affected from the first Moment she saw him, and to whom when *Valentine* ended his Narration, she presented a costly Ring, wishing him at the same time Success in his Combat.

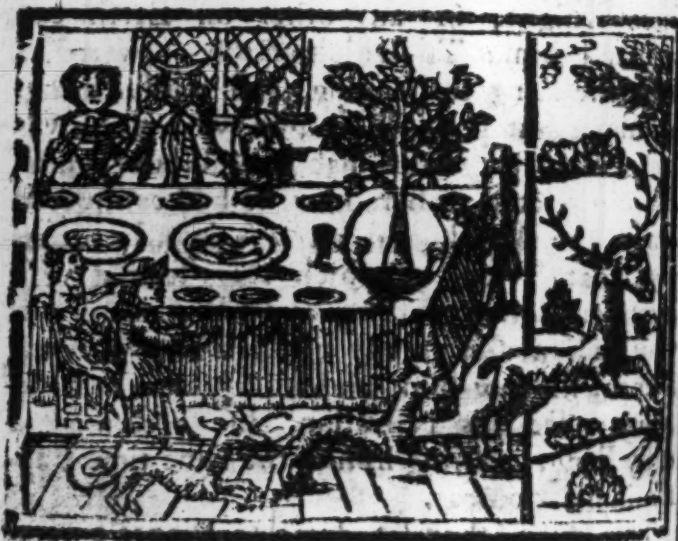
This done, they sat down to Dinner among the other Knights, *Fezon* still narrowly eyeing *Orson*, and *Orson* her, but in the midst of their Feasting enters the Green Knight (for that was in the Conditions between the Duke and him) to see the Lady *Fezon*, at the same time, saying, Valiant Duke of *Aquitain*, have you any more Champions to fight me, for the Love of this Lady. To which the Duke said, I have now Seventeen. So bringing him into the Hall, he shewed them to him at Dinner with the Lady *Fezon*, to whom the Green Knight spoke thus: Lords, Eat, Drink, and be Merry, for to Morrow I shall hang you on the Top of my

C 3

Tree,

Tree, as many more have been served before you.

Orson knowing this to be the Green Knight, beheld him with great Indignation. and leap-



ing up, got him by the Middle, then hoisting him up, he flung him twice round his Head, and then dash'd him with such Force against the Wall, that he lay for some time as if he were dead; which Action of *Orson's* caused much Laughter among the Knights there present, and so enraged the Green Knight, who was now recovered; that with great Threats he left the Duke's Palace, protesting to hang *Orson* on a high Gibbet, which he would have instantly erected near his Pavilion for that Purpose.

C H A P. XIII.

Orson fights with the Green Knight, they are parted: Valentine fights with him likewise, but without Success.

Orson perceiving that the Green Knight threatned him, threw down his Hood, which *Valentine* told him was the Token that he challenged him to Combat with him on the Morrow; this so intensed the Green Knight, that at first he could not utter a Word, but coming better to himself, he swore by *Mahomer*, he would not rest till he was revenged, and would hang him upon a Tree higher than any of the rest, and so departed the Castle.

The rest of the Evening the Knights spent in Merriment, and afterwards retired to their respective Apartments: In the Morning they all met in the great Hall of the Palace, where it was agreed that *Galeran*, a Knight of France, should first try the Combat with the Green Knight, who no sooner saw him approaching, but he set Spurs to his Horse, and at the first Course encounter'd him so furiously, that he threw him from his Horse, and slew him, and after hanged him upon a Tree. Orson perceiving this, made Signs that he would Combat him immediately, but *Valentine* by Signs told him, That he would try his Strength first, so putting on his Armour, and mounting his Horse, he took leave of the Lady, and rode directly to the Tent. When the Green Knight saw him, he was more Apprehensive of him,

han of any of the rest, wherefore, says he, Sir Knight, hearken to me, on yonder Tree there hangs a green Shield, in which there is such a Magical Virtue, that until some Knight can fetch it from thence, I can never be overcome; and further, I assure thee, that first, unless he be the Son of a King, and one that never suck'd the Breast of a Woman, I can never be vanquish'd.



These sayings of the Green Knight, though they were something shocking to *Valentine*, yet he determines not to depart, till he had tryed his Strength. I know, quoth he, that I am not the Person by whom thou art to be overcome, nevertheless I am fully resolved not to stir from hence, till I have fought with you; upon which the Green Knight mounted his Horse immediately, and both run the Course with such exceeding Fury, that their Spears were shiver'd

shiver'd in a thousand Pieces, after this, they drew their Swords, and began a most bloody and desperate Fight, which continued with equal Success and Advantage, till they were both wounded in divers Places, and exceeding Weary. The Fight continued so long, till the Day was spent. When the Green Knight, in a haughty manner, told *Valentine*, 'twas proper for them to leave off the Fight till to Morrow: Go, says he, to *Aquitain*, and report that I esteem thee the most valiant Knight that I ever encountred, but meet me to Morrow, and then we will end the Combat.

Valentine, accepting the Offer, returns again to *Aquitain*, where he was joyfully receiv'd by Duke Savary, the Lady *Fezon*, and by Orson more particularly, who ran and caught him in his Arms, and kiss'd him. When they came to the Palace, the Duke ask'd him what Tydings from the Green Knight? He resteth, says *Valentine*, in his Pavilion, and I think is of that Strength and Prowess, that no Man living is able to vanquish him.

Valentine. quoth the Duke, you have escaped well, being the first that ever return'd. After he was unarmed, and had payed a Visit to *Fezon*, and Supper was ended, he repaired to his Chamber, where he spent the Night in bitter Complaints and Lamentations.

C H A P. XIV.

Valentine sends Orson again on the Morrow, to fight the Green Knight, where he overcame him.

V*alentine* having seriously considered, that it was impossible for him to vanquish the Green Knight, concludes it more proper to put *Orson* into his Armour, and send him on the Morrow to try the Combat, which when by Signs he had let him know, he was exceedingly rejoyc'd, but deny'd to take *Valentine's* Horse and Armour, but rather to go with his Club in his accustomed Manner. But *Valentine* gave him to understand, there was a Necessity that he should be armed in all Points, as he was Yesterday, that he might take him for the same Person. Upon which *Orson* condescends to take *Valentine's* Horse and Armour, and after having taken leave of the Lady *Fezon*, he rode directly to the Pavillion of the Green Knight, and smote the Top of it with his Spear, in Token of Defiance.

The Green Knight being very much moved at this rude Salutation, swore by *Mahomet*, he should sorely Repent it before Evening; so mounting his Steed, and couching his Spear, they ran the first Course with such extraordinary Fury, that both Horse and Man came together on the Ground, from whence having recovered themselves, they assail each other with their Swords, with all the Fury and Revenge imaginable. Many terrible Blows were

exchanged, and deep and dangerous Wounds given of either Side, which the Green Knight, by Virtue of a Sovereign Balsam, which he always carried about with him, cured in an Instant, which Orson at length perceiving, threw away his Armour, and ran upon the Green Knight, and took him into his Arms, and threw him violently on the Ground, insomuch that the Green Knight, after some struggling, yielded to his Mercy: but Orson not regarding



his Submission, was about to dispatch him, had not Valentine came at the very Instant, and prevented him. You see, says Valentine, that you are now vanquish'd, and you have no Way to save your Life, but first, by renouncing Paganism, and then by repairing to Pepin, King of France, and telling you were overcome by Valentine and Orson in single Combat, to all which he most readily consented.

Upon

The History of

Upon this, *Valentine* made Signs to *Orson*, to let him rise; when he was upon his Feet, he requested *Valentine* to send him to bring the Shield from the Tree, and if he fetch it from thence, I am well assured that he is the very Man by whom I am to be overcome, which *Orson* accordingly did; which when the Green Knight saw, he threw himself at his Feet, and would have kissed him. I know, says he, you are the bravest Knight in the World, and what is more, you are a Son to both a King and Queen, which will be more amply confirm'd to you by the Brazen-head, now in the Custody of my Sister *Clerimond*, whom I offer to you in Marriage, as the most hardy Knight in the Universe.

C H A P. XV.

Orson Christned and sent to King *Pepin*.

THE Green Knight having offer'd *Valentine* his Sister, gave him a Ring to carry to her, which *Valentine* resolves to do, and never to rest till he had perform'd his Promise, and seen the Lady: Upon this the Green Knight gave Orders to his Army to quit *Aquitain*, without doing any Damage, and went with *Valentine* and *Orson*, in the Nature of a Prisoner into the City. When they came into the City, the Duke and all his Courtiers, received them with the greatest Joy, to whom says the Green Knight, You owe much Honour to the noble Knight that hath conquer'd me, being no less then the Son,

Valentine and Orson.

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Son of some great and mighty King: Truly, says the Duke, he seems to be no less by his Prowess and Magnanimity, and I shall do him all the Honour I am able.



Upon this the Duke sent for his Daughter, telling her, that you see here the Green Knight, that the valiant Knight, which *Valentine* had brought from the King, hath conquer'd; it is therefore my Pleasure, that he make a Conquest of your Heart likewise, to which the Lady reply'd, I am your Daughter, and you may dispose of me, as you think fit; beside, I am his by Right of Conquest, and if he will accept of the Prize he has won with so much Glory, I think my self obliged to surrender my self intirely to his Disposall.

All

All things being thus concluded to the universal Joy of all Parties, after the Rejoycings were over, every Man betook himself to his Apartment, where in the dead of the Night, an Angel appeared to *Valentine*; and commanded him forthwith to go to the Castle of *Ferragus* to the Lady *Clerimond*, where he should be fully informed concerning his Parents.

Valentine ruminating upon his Vision, came early in the Morning to the Royal Palace, whither soon after came the Duke himself, the Green Knight, with the rest of the Nobles of the Court; and after the Green Knight was baptized, according to his Promise, and had given *Valentine* the Ring to deliver to his Sister, and all the rest of the Ceremonies were over, *Valentine* and *Orson* departs for the Castle of *Ferragus*, and the Green Knight for *France*, where he arrived at the same time with *Blandiman*, Squire to the distressed Lady *Bellissant*, Wife to the Emperor of *Constantinople*

C H A P. XVI.

King Pepin discovers Valentine and Orson to his Nephews: The Green Knight submits according to his Promise.

AFTER *Blandiman* had deliver'd his Message to *King Pepin*, and had at large inform'd him of all that had happen'd to *Bellissant* his Sister, and among other Things, told him, that soon after her unjust Banishment, she was delivered of two Sons in the Woods of *Orleans*, with all

Valentine and Orson.

63

The Particulars relating thereunto: The King reply'd, What thou tellest me *Blandiman*, fills me full of a thousand Imaginations. This *Valentine* and *Orson*, whom I have had in my Court, must needs be the Empress my Sister's Sons: One I found my self in the Wood, whom I carefully bred up till he came to be a Man,



and the other being utterly Wild and Savage, was at length conquer'd by his Brother, and brought hither likewise.

These unexpected Discoveries were the only Discourse and Joy of the Court, and gave every Body the greatest Satisfaction, except *Claufray* and *Henry*, whose hatred against *Valentine* was implacable; but to keep up to the Story, *Blandiman*.

diman hearing the King speak so particularly of the Children, took the Liberty to ask the King, if he knew into what Country they were gone, to whom the King made answer, That they departed from hence for *Aquitain*, to Combat a renowned Champion, call'd the Green Knight, for the Love of the Lady *Fezon*, only Daughter to Duke *Savary*, Prince of that Country.

The King had hardly ended, when Advice was brought him, that at that very Moment, the Green Knight was arrived at *Paris*, who coming into the Presence of the King, saluted him with great Reverence. The King saw him in Armour, was at first surprized, and demanded who he was, and for what intent he came before him in such a Posture; to whom the Green Knight replies, I am that *Pagan Knight*, that for the Love of the Lady *Fezon*, for the Space of a Year, have holden the Duke her Father in Subjection, and at the same time conditioned with him, That if he could find out a Knight within the Space of six Months, that could vanquish me in single Combat, I would then raise my Siege, and quit all Pretensions to his Daughter, but on the contrary, he should after that Time deliver me his Daughter to be my lawful Wife.

Now thus it was, most mighty King, many Knights came to try their Fortune, whom I still overcame, till at length I was assailed by two far more worthy than the rest, one named *Valentine* the other *Orson*. The first fought with me for a whole Day, and behaved himself with
so

much Courage and Dexterity, that the Night came on, and we were forced to separate without putting an End to the Combat. The next Morning his Fellow *Orson*, having put on *Valentine's* Armour, entered the Field in a most fierce and disdainful Manner, against whom I addressed my self, but to no small purpose, for in a very short time, by his invincible Strength, he brought me intirely under his Subjection, and had taken away my Life, if *Valentine* had not come timely in, and prevented him; which he did upon Condition I should renounce *Paganism*, and be baptized, and then come and surrender myself to your Majesty, to be dealt with as you shall be pleased to direct.

King *Pepin* upon hearing these Tydings, was extremely rejoyced, bidding the Green Knight welcome, and assuring him, he should have all the Favours from him he could Wish or Desire. Where did you leave, says he, those two incomparable Persons: I left them, replies the Green Knight, with the Duke of *Aquarain*, in the highest esteem with the whole Court. And thus by the Words of *Blandiman*, and the Green Knight, the King came to have perfect Knowledge, that *Valentine* and *Orson* were his Nephews, and the Sons of the Emperor of *Greece*, by *Bellifant* his Sister, the Tydings of which he Ordains to be proclaimed through the whole World, resolve to take a Journey himself to *Constantinople*, to carry the Particulars.

CH A P. XVII.

*King Pepin hastens to Greece with these Tydings
and finds Constantinople besieged by the Soldan
of Ægypt.*



King Pepin departed Greece, and at Rome was joyfully received by the Pope, but as he sat at Dinner, News came that the Soldan of Ægypt besieged Constantinople with a great Army, on which desirous to Relieve it, he craved Aid of his Holiness, and having raised an Army, marched to Constantinople, which he found closely beset by the Pagans. But the Emperor hearing Relief was at Hand, took Courage, and the Soldan to cheer his Men, divided the Forces of the Christians. But King Pepin sent Letters to the Emperor, bidding him Sally when he gave the Onset; in the mean time the Soldan

But two of the stoutest Sarazens Knights, to see the Posture of his Enemies, whom the Green Knight accidentally meeting in a small Wood, and knowing them to be Sarazens attacked, and after a sharp Encounter, cleaved one of them down to the Navel, and took the other Prisoner. King *Pepin* upon this attacked the *Soldan's* Army, the Fight grew very hot, the *Myllon Daugler* brought Destruction wherever he came, and slew the King of *Quile*, a brave and hardy Knight, till the *Soldan* coming with his Guard, falling sharply on the Duke's Men, *Daugler* was dismounted, and had not the Green Knight rescued him, he must inevitably have perished. The Soldiers taking Example from their Leaders, fought bravely, and certainly defeated the Pagans, had not the King of *Sclavonia* come to their Relief with Five thousand fresh Men, which obliged King *Pepin* to retire with his Army into the City, where they suffered extream Famine, and where we leave them to return to *Valentine* and *Orson*.

C H A P. XVIII.

Valentine and *Orson* arrived at the Castle, where the beautiful *Clerimond* was kept, and by the *Brazen-head* are informed of their Parantage.

After long Travel, *Valentine* and *Orson* came to an Island where stood a strong Castle, covered with polished Brass, which made *Valentine*

Valentine imagine that this was it, to which the Green Knight directed them; and approaching it, he demanded who was the Owner of that sumptuous Place, and was answered, The Fair *Clerimond*, Sister of Giant *Ferragus*, and founded by a *Sarazen*, who had placed great Rarities in one particular Chamber of it.



Amongst many Things it was also told him, That there stood a Head of Brass, made by Negromancy, which gave true Answers to every thing that was demanded of it: *Valentine* hearing this strange Relation, was persuaded he should find here the Green Knight's Sister, so renowned for her exquisite Beauty; so without Delay, he and *Orson* rid directly up to the Gates, where they are met by ten sturdy Knights, who constantly kept Guard there.

When

When they saw them entering, they said,
Now, Sirs, none enter here without the Leave
of a Maid, to whom we belong.

Why, quoth *Valentine*, go then and ask,
Whether she pleases to let us have Entrance.
Whereupon one of them went to *Clerimond*, and
told her, There are two Knights who seem
valiant and Courageous, that desire to come into
our Castle.

Go down, quoth she, and keep them out,
I have viewed them. Then looking out of
a Window, she said to the Knights, Whence,
and what are ye, who are so urgent to enter
our Castle.

Lady, quoth *Valentine*, I would gladly speak
with the Head of Brass, which I am informed
can resolve Doubts.

Knight, quoth she, if you have Tokens from
my Brother *Ferragus*, or the Green Knight, you
may come in, not otherwise, unless you over-
come the Seneschal, in single Combat.

Valentine chose rather to adventure against the
Seneschal, then shew the Ring the Green Knight
gave him, as a Token from his Sister *Clerimond*:
who seeing his Valour, was greatly enamoured
of him, and asked the Head who *Valentine* was,
which answered, She should not know till the
next night was present, which very much con-
cerned her, being greatly in Love with *Valen-
tine*.

C H A P. XIX.

Valentine discovers Clerimond's Love; conquers the Seneschal, and enters the Castle by Force.



Clerimond sending for the Seneschal, told him That a Knight would enter the Castle by Force; who answered, If that be his Resolution, he shall quickly repent it.

So mounting his Horse, he issued out of the Gate, whilst she stood at the Window to view the Combat, which was very fierce and doubtful, till after three Careers, in which Valentine had the better every Time, the Seneschal is at last run through the Body, and tumbled from his Horse to the Ground: at which Clerimond was much rejoiced, and caused all

Do

Doors to be immediately thrown open, and came herself to conduct them into the Castle: saying, Enter, my Castle, for it appears by your Valour, that you are of royal Extraction.

Fair Lady, replies *Valentine*, neither my Companion, nor my self, know of what Extraction we are; my Name is *Valentine*, a poor moggling Adventurer, and my Companion a wild Man, bred up in a Wood, whom I considered; and 'tis for that Purpose therefore that I have travelled hither, to get the Knowledge of our Parents, and for the Love of you who is so excellent a Person.

C H A P. XX.

Valentine shews *Clerimond* her Brother the Green Knight's Ring, and afterwards Questions the Brazen-head, concerning his Parentage and Descend.

Valentine having thus got Entrance, at last shewed the Ring the Green Knight gave him, upon which *Clerimond* told him, That he had not have indangered himself so much to Access, had he shewed that at first.

When Dinner was ended, she took him by the Hand to lead him to the Chamber where the Brazen-head was, but being come to the Door, they saw it was guarded by an ugly open Villain, with a Club of Iron on his shoulder; and on the other Side by a Lion of prodigious Fierceness, *Valentine* perceiving they made Resistance, asked *Clerimond* their Meaning, who

who said, That they kept every Body from entering that Chamber without her Leave.

Lady, says *Valentine*, I will try my Power with the Lion, and upon that caught him round the Body, but the Lion let him pass without Resistance: *Orson* too assailed the Villain, and e'er he could lift his Iron-bar, took it from him and gave him a Blow that felled him to the Ground, and would have killed him outright had not *Clerimond* interposed.

The Guard thus vanquished, they entered the Chamber, which shone with Rubies, Diamonds, and Emeralds, and between four Pillars of Jasper, in the midst stood the Brazen-head. *Valentine* wondered much at the Richness of the Furniture, but fixed his Eyes chiefly on the unknown Head, which when every Body was silent, spoke thus to him:



Famous Knight of Royal Parentage.

THou art called *Valentine* the Valiant,
whom it may be truly said, by

that I never had the like before me: Thou art he, who alone deserves the fair *Clerimond*; thou art Son to the Emperor of *Greece*, thy Mother's Name is *Bellifant*, Sister to King *Pepin*, who by wrong Suggestions, is expelled her Country, and Husband's Bed; know this, thy Mother is in *Portugal* in the Castle of *Ferragus*, who hath kept her these twenty Years; *Pepin* is thy Uncle, and the Wild Man thy Companion is thy Brother; the Empress *Bellifant* was delivered of thee in the Forest of *Orleance*, thy Companion was taken away by a ravenous Bear, who nourished him in the Woods, among her Whelps; for thy part, *Valentine*, thou was found the same Day by King *Pepin*, who has educated thee, and take Care of thee ever since: Moreover, thy Brother shall never speak till a certain Thread be cut, which is under his Tongue.

Valentine immediately embraced his Brother, and as the Head had decreed, told the Lady, He would marry her, on Condition she would renounce *Mahometism*, as her Brother the Green Knight had; to which she answered, She would be obedient in every Respect, during her Life, to his Commands.

Upon these Tydings, the Joy of *Clerimond*, and all the Castle, was very great, but it was soon interrupted by the Treachery of her Brother *Ferragus*, as shall hereafter be related.

C H A P. XXI.

*Pacolet the Dwarf informs Ferragus of all that
past between his Sister and Valentine.*



NOW in this Castle with Clerimond, dwelt a Dwarf, whom she had brought up and educated from a Child named *Pacolet*, whose Wit was larger than his Stature, and who had by Study, got a great Insight into Negromancy by which Art, he composed a little Horse of Wood, and fixed a Pin in his Forehead, by turning which, when he mounted him toward the Place where he pleased to be carried, the Horse would fly through the Air, and suddenly bring him to it: This *Pacolet* observing what passed in the Castle, took his Horse and came to *Portugal*, and related the Circumstances to

Ferragus

Ferragus : Which when *Ferragus* heard, he was exceedingly enraged, both against his Sister and *Valentine*, against her for marrying a Christian Knight, and against him for taking her to Wife, swearing to be revenged on both.

But this he dissembled to *Pacolet*, and bid him return and tell his Sister, that *Valentine* was right Welcome, and that he would shortly, with his Nobles, come and solemnize her Nuptials, upon which *Pacolet* mounted his Horse, and returned and went to *Clerimond*, and told her what he had done, and what her Brother said, to which she answered, I am very angry thou didst not tell me of thy Departure, for when thou shouldst have enquired after a certain Christian Woman, who at this time abides with my Brother in *Portugal*.

C H A P. XXII.

Pacolet flies into *Portugal*, to see the Lady Bellifant, *Valentine's* Mother.

THE Lady having ended her Tale, *Pacolet* replied, He would take another Journey and be back again by to Morrow Noon, at which *Valentine* much wondered, saying, 'Twas impossible, till the Lady convinced him he could do it by his Art. Then calling *Orson* to him, and cutting the Thread under his Tongue, presently spoke, and related the Manner of his life in the Wood. *Pacolet*, according to his promise, performed the Journey, and brought

Valentine Word the next Day, that his Mother was in perfect Health, which rejoiced him exceedingly.

But these happy Prospects lasted not long, for in a short Time after came *Ferragus* to the Castle of fair *Clerimond*, and though at first he dissembled his Treachery, and desired to be baptiz'd as her Brother the Green Knight was; he still had a great deal of secret Mischief boiling in his Breast.

But *Valentine* crediting all he said, told him, That the Lady that had been so long in his Custody was his Mother, so *Ferragus* prevailed upon him to go with *Clerimond* into Portugal to solemnize their Marriage in that Country.

C H A P. XXIII.

Ferragus betrays Valentine and Orson, and commits them to a miserable Prison.

SOON after this they all Embarked, and *Ferragus's* whole Meaning was, to put to Death *Valentine* and *Orson*, had them both seized in the Night in their Cabbins, and put in Chains: when *Clerimond* saw it, she often through Grief and Despair attempted to make away with her self, and had certainly done so, had not *Ferragus* commanded some of his Barons to watch her constantly.

Moreover, *Ferragus* was so inhuman, not to let the Fair distressed *Clerimond* speak to the two captive Knights: Thus was all their Joy suddenly

suddenly over cast, and themselves Prisoners, bound for the Country of the Giant *Ferragus*, where, after a little while floating on the Sea, they arrived, and News being brought their Mother *Bellifant*, that two Christians were come to the Castle to be imprisoned, she had a great Desire to see them, but *Ferragus* opposed it, and commanded the Goaler to put them into a loathsome Dungeon, and feed them with nought besides Bread and Water, and to bastinado them twice a Day,



When *Ferragus* had done thus, he went to his Sister *Clerimond*; and reproved her sharply for lamenting the Knights who had overcome her Brother the Green Knight, and who were of a Faith different from hers; but this served only to increase her Grief, which being observed by *Bellifant* to be immoderate, she asked

her the Reason, when she told her, That the two Knights Prisoners were her Children, and how *Ferragus* betrayed them under the Pretence of turning Christian, and solemnizing their Nuptials in *Portugal*.

C H A P. XIV.

Pacolet comforts the two Ladies.



WHilst the Ladies were bewailing their Misfortunes, *Pacolet* entered, to whom *Clerimond* said, What have I done to thee, that thou shouldst deprive me of all my Joys? To which *Pacolet* answered, That he was ignorant of all that had befallen them, and said, They need not lament, for he did not doubt finding an Expedient to free the Knights, and to banish their Sorrow, protesting that his Life, for the

the Future, should be employed in serving Valentine, so having comforted them, he took his Leave, and went about his Designs:

C H A P. XXV.

Pacolet by his Art delivers the two Brothers, and orders their Escape, together with their Mother and Clerimond.



Ferragus entertained his Nobles at a great Feast, and after they had revelled, and every one was retired to rest, Pacolet remembering his Promise, and took this Opportunity to release the Ladies two Sons. Coming to the Dungeon, he no sooner touched the Door with his Wand, but the Lock and Bars broke,

and so flew open, which when *Valentine* heard, he expected it to be the Goalar coming to kill them, but *Pacolet* informed them soon to the contrary, and taking off their Chains, he led them to the Room where the two sorrowful Ladies sat. *Pacolet* had so dealt by his Art, that all the Guards and Watch were in a deep Sleep. Great was the Joy of these renowned Persons, but *Pacolet* prevented their engaging in long Discourse, by telling them, 'twas time to make their Escapes e'er the Day arose.

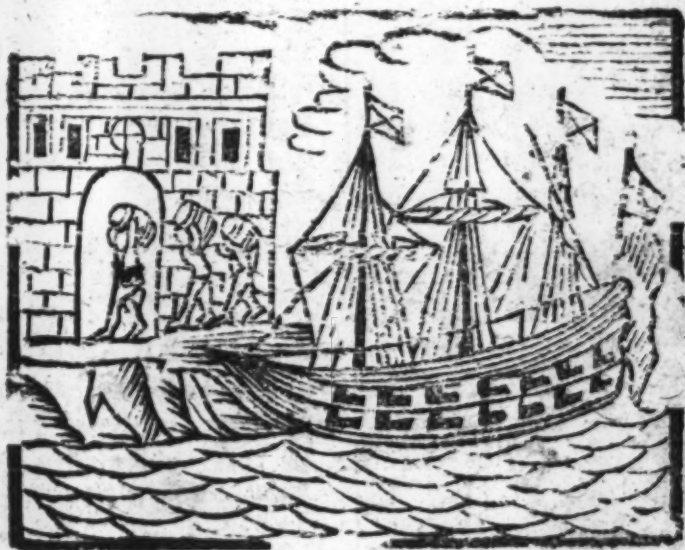
Orson desired him to open the Door where *Ferragus* lay, that he might kill him, but *Clerimond* perswaded him to the contrary, telling him, that by so doing, they would lose the Love of her Brother the Green Knight; in the mean while, *Pacolet* by his Art, had opened the Gates of the Castle, and bidding them follow him, led them out to the Sea-shore, where he had provided a Ship, which soon convey'd them to the Castle of *Clerimond*, where when they arrived, they refreshed themselves, and passed the Time in great Mirth and Jollity.

C H A P. XVI.

Valentine and Orson having made their Escapes from Ferragus, sailed with the Ladies to Aquitain.

Valentine, fearing the return of *Ferragus*, might put them in fresh Consternation, got a Fleet ready in the Port, and soon after, with

with his Mother, *Clerimond*, *Orson*, and *Pacoler*, set Sail for *Constantinople*, to see his Father the Emperor.



When the Goaler that had them in keeping at *Ferragus's* Castle, went to carry them their Bread and Water, he was much surpriz'd to see them gone, and immediately ran and told the King, desiring Mercy, but what chiefly enraged *Ferragus*, was the Tydings another Messenger brought, which were, That the Empress *Bellisant* and *Clerimond*, were likewise escaped, which so incensed him, that he was ready to tear out his Eyes; and calling for his ponderous Armour, which must needs have been so, he being at least fourteen Foot high, issued out with his Nobles, to look after the Runaways; but *Pacoler's* Art had render'd his Journey in Vain, so he returns to his Palace, and swore by

The History of
Mahomet, he would take *Clerimond* and her Com-
 panions, or he would make *Christendom* tremble.

C H A P. XXVII.

Ferragus assembles a mighty Army, sails to *Equitain*, to revenge himself of *Valentine*, and his
 his Sister *Clerimond*.



F*erragus* got ready a great Fleet, and scoured
 the Seas to take *Valentine*, but was forc'd,
 after a fruitless Search, to return home to his
 Palace. Whilst *Valentine's* Company arrived at
Equitain, and not caring to discover themselves
 to the Duke of *Savary*, lodged themselves in a
 private House, for *Orson* knowing the Incon-
 stancy of the fair Sex, had a mind to try the
 the Lady *Eizon*, e're he married her, and there-
 fore taking the Habit of a Knight Errant, and
 making.

making *Pacolet* his Page, he enter'd the Hall of Duke *Savary's* Palace, and asked him whether he would take him into his Service, to which the Duke answered, not knowing *Orson*, 'That he would accept of it very willing, and would Reward him liberally, and thereupon presented him with a Purse of Money, and withal, made him a Companion of the Court.

Orson soon, by his courteous Behaviour, got the Love of every Body, and was much respected by the Lady *Faxon*, who did not know him to be *Orson* because of his Speech; of these Passages *Orson*, at convenient Times, would acquaint *Valentine*, *Clerimond*, and his Mother *Bellissant*, who were greatly rejoiced therewith; but there Joy was interrupted by *Ferragus's* proclaiming of War against the Duke of *Aquitain*.

Ferragus soon after arrived with a great Army, and Duke *Savary* prepared to receive him, and raise the Siege with all his armed Men, amongst whom were *Valentine*, *Orson*, and *Pacolet*, unknown to the Duke.

C H A P. XXVIII.

The Duke of Aquitain is taken Prisoner by Ferragus, and set at Liberty by Orson, by the Help of Pacolet.

Duke *Savary* began the Battle next Morning with *Ferragus*, which proved very Bloody, and in which, adventuring his Person too far, he was surrounded and taken by *Ferragus's* Men, which struck such Amazement among the Christians,

stians, that they began to flee from the Fight, till *Valentine* and *Orson* coming up, exhorted them to follow, and try again the Fortune of the Day.



So they followed the two brave Knights, and began to Fight a-new : in the Heat of the Battle *Orson*, who had sworn to release the Duke, armed himself and *Pacoler*, in the Arms of two of the slain *Sarazens*, and passing through the Thickest, without Opposition, came to the Pavillion where Duke *Savary* was Prisoner ; but *Pacoler* seeing the Guards to be too Numerous, by his Art cast them into a deadly Sleep, and approaching the Duke, *Orson* said, Mount this Horse, I come to free thee from *Ferragus* : Doubt not, I am he, you took lately into your Service. The Duke reply'd, for this Service, I will give thee my Daughter *Fezon* ; I gave her formerly

to a Knight who was Wild and Savage, and had not the Use of his Tongue, but by his long Absence, I fear he hath won some other Lady. This said, they all three took their Way through the Enemies Camp.

Valentine all this while wondering what was become of his Brother, and rushing in the thickest of the Fight, at length lost his Horse, and *Ferragus* seeing him to be a fair and comely Knight a Foot, and beset with his Forces, came in among them, and took him Prisoner, and bound him, and leading him towards his Pavilion, met *Orson*, *Pacolet*, and Duke *Savary* returning, who seeing *Ferragus* haling *Valentine* along, couch'd their Lances, and ran against them, and overthrew both him and his Prisoner, and by this Means *Valentine* was let loose by the Giant, and mounted on a fresh Horse, and so they return'd to their Friends.

The Christians when they saw the Duke at Liberty, set up a mighty Shout, crying out, long live the Duke of *Aquatain*: which so dismay'd the *Sarazens*, that they raised the Siege and fled. The Fight thus ended, *Valentine* and *Pacolet* went to their Lodging, and *Orson* with the Duke, who no sooner came to his Palace, but he sent for his Daughter *Fezon*, bidding her accept of *Gregory*, so *Orson* called himself, for her Husband; to which the Nobles willingly assented, which *Orson* hearing, still concealed himself, the better to try the Constancy of the Lady *Fezon*.

*Orson tries the Lady Fezon's Constancy, and then
Marries her.*



Orson told the Duke that he would endeavour to get the Lady Fezon's Affections; and so going to the Chamber where she was, began to press her to accept of him in Marriage, but all in vain, for she still persisted in her Constancy to the Wild Knight; which tho' it pleased him as being Orson, he seemed to be much against it, and to use many Persuasions to the contrary, being taken for Gregory, the better to try her Fidelity.

But finding his Persuasions had no Effect on Fezon, he was very Joyful, and returning to Duke Savary, told him that his Daughter had given him an utter Denial, and was resolved to wed none but him, that conquered the Green Knight:

Knight : but the Duke said, he would force her to marry him ; for which *Orson* thanked him, and returned to *Valentine*, and told him he had found the Lady *Fezon* faithful.

So the next Day *Valentine* and *Orson* went to Court ; *Orson* having his Steel Jacket on, which he wore, when he first came to Duke *Savary's*, at which *Fezon* much rejoyced, and so he undeceived them, and told them all their Adventures, and what the Brazen-Head told them. The Duke kindly embraced them, and married his Daughter to him, being wondrous glad *Gregory* and *Orson* were the same Persons. *Valentine* prepared to depart for *Constantinople*, but before he went, the Marriage of *Orson* and *Fezon* was celebrated in the Presence of the Empress *Bellisant*, and the Lady *Clerimond*, and a great Assembly of the noble Personages, of which *Ferragus* was informed by a Spy he had there, and upon which he vowed Revenge to them All, but chiefly to *Pacoler*, for freeing his Sister *Clerimond*, and the brave Christian Knights.

C H A P. XXX.

Ferragus Reinforced by King Trompart, and Adrimain the Enchanter.

Ferragus hoping to revenge himself, sent Messengers to King *Trompart*, for Aid against his Enemies, desiring also, to bring with him the Enchanter *Adrimain* : In the mean Time, *Valentine* took his Leave of all his Friends, the Duke, his Mother *Bellisant*, *Orson*, and after having

ving recommended the lovely *Clerimond*, to the Care of the Duke, for whom his Heart bled to part with ; he went to take his Adieu of his dear Mother, the Empress *Bellifant*, to condole her, and to promise a speedy Return, but she



was incondoleable, and would admit of no Comfort.

C H A P. XXXI.

The Empress's doleful Tale at the Departure of Valentine to Constantinople.

SO having took his last Farewel of his Mother, and promised to send back *Pacoler*, with Tydings of all that happened at his arrival ; he and *Pacoler* mounted the Wooden-horse, and e'er the next Day at Noon they saw

Con-

Constantinople, and that Night arrived in the Palace, where the Emperor and King *Pepin* sat at Supper. The first that saw him, was the Green Knight, who rose up saying, O noble Emperor! here is that renowned Knight, *Valentine*, your Valiant Son: Upon which they arose and embraced him, but chiefly his Uncle



Pepin, and the Father the Emperor, who seem'd aſham'd of having banished his guiltleſs Mother.

Exceeding Joy was throughout the whole City, upon the Arrival of the Emperor's Son, *Valentine*, who in the Preſence of all the Nobles, and his Father the Emperor, challenged any One who dar'd to impeach his Mother *Belliſant* of Diſloyalty.

C H A P. XXXII.

Valentine and the Green Knight were taken Prisoners at the Battle of Constantinople, by the Soldan Moradin.

WHen the Emperor perceived his Son so sensible of the Dishonour done to his Royal Mother, he said thus: Son, thou canst not now revenge thy self on the Author of thy Mother's Wrong, that being already perform'd by the Merchant who accused him, in the Presence of *Pepin* thy Uncle, and my self: who, at his Death, confessed the whole Treason, and since which I have sent all over the World in search of her. *Valentine* reply'd, Sir, I saw my Mother Yesternight, since when *Pacolet* brought me hither by his Art.

The Emperor hearing such good News, caused great Triumphs to be made throughout the City, the Noise of which very much alarm'd the *Saracens*, and made them more closely begirt it, so that the Famine was grievous to the People, which made *Valentine*, and the Green Knight, resolve to Sally out with two Thousand Men, to get Forage, and in a short Time, by their Valour, they won three Hundred Chariots of Victuals, upon which the *Soldan* got between them and the City to hinder them from entring. King *Pepin* seeing that, ran against him with such Might, that he threw him to the Earth, and with his Sword knocked *Moraldus*, a great Captain, out of the Saddle, and *Valentine* following his Example, cut down the

the *Soldan's* Standard, and struck the *Soldan* so great a Blow with his Spear that he fell'd him; the Green Knight was no less Couragious, and killed *Archillon*, another great Person, but they adventuring too far, were at last taken Prisoners by the *Sarazens*, and the *Soldan* ordered a high Gibbet to be erected, designing to hang them thereon.



However, the Valour of the Hungry Christians, saved the Victuals, for which they were very joyful, but they were soon sad again, when they knew of the Knights being made Prisoners, especially King *Pepin* and the Emperor, whom *Pacolet* comforted, telling them, they should soon be free, if it was in the Power of his Art to make them; so mounting his Horse, he arrived at the *Soldan's* Camp, just as he came to try *Valentine* and the Green Knight.

C H A P. XXXIII.

Pacolet, by his Art, delivers Valentine and the Green Knight out of the Bondage of the Soldan.

THE Soldan entered the Assembly, and after hearing the Opinion of his Council, 'twas concluded the Knights should suffer Death next Morning. This done, the Soldan returned to his Pavillion to Supper, where being let, *Pacolet* entred, and saluted him in the Name of *Mahomet*.

Pacolet, says the Soldan, thou art welcome ; How doth my Friend *Ferragus* ?

Right well, quoth *Pacolet* ; and then taken the Soldan aside, said, Know, Sir, that I am come from *Ferragus*'s fair Wife, who is in Love with you ; she has sent me to desire you to come with me on my Horse, her Husband being now in *Aquitain*. The Soldan overjoy'd at this News, made very much of *Pacolet*, and prepared to go with him the next Morning.

Now *Valentine* and the Green Knight were in the Pavilion, and rejoyced much at the Sight of *Pacolet* unknown ; *Pacolet* on the other Hand, the better to carry on his Design, railed much against the Green Knight, and *Valentine*, and seemed wonderous Affable to the Soldan, who was fully resolved to hang the Knights next Morning ; and so withdrawing to his Chamber, committed them to the Custody of those, who were most incensed against them.

In the dead of the Night, *Pacolet* having cast the Wardens into a deep Sleep, released
the

the Knights, and brought them past Danger, and then returned at the Dawn, to awake the *Soldan*; which done, and the *Soldan* having given Orders, if any enquired for him, to say, He was gone to sport a little with *Pacolet*: They mounted the Wooden-horse, and flew swiftly through the Air, till they came to the Emperor of *Constantinople's* Palace: the *Soldan* perceiving the Horse to stop, asked *Pacolet*, Whether they were come to their Journey's End. Yes, says *Pacolet*, we are now in *Portugal*, in King *Ferragus's* Palace; enter you into the great Hall, and I'll bring the Lady to you immediately.

The *Soldan* remained in the Hall, thinking every Minute an Hour, till *Pacolet* returned, while he in the mean Time went to the Emperor's Chamber, and told him, he was just arrived from the *Soldan's* Camp, having set at Liberty, both his Son and the Green Knight, who were condemned to die. Besides, I have brought, says *Pacolet*, the *Soldan* himself, and you may now be revenged on him at Pleasure.

The Emperor immediately armed himself, and sending for King *Pepin*, went into the Hall, where the *Soldan* sat, who perceiving himself to be betrayed, drew out his Scymiter, and defended himself so well, that he killed King *Pepin's* Squire, which so enrag'd the King that he rushed on him, and gave him so great a Blow, that fell'd him bleeding to the Earth, and when down, the Guards easily took and bound him: In the Morning, *Valentine* and the

the Green Knight returned, and were well pleased to find the *Soldan* Prisoner, who was soon hanged on the highest Turret of the Palace, in the Sight of the *Pagan* Host, which



very much amazed them, till his Uncle *Bryan* told them, That he had been deceived by the Traytor, *Pacoler*. The *Pagans* assembled themselves the next Day, and chose *Bryan* for their *Soldan*, in the other's Stead.

Soon after this, *Pacoler* returned into *Quintain*, with Tydings from *Valentine* to the Empress *Bellisant*, the fair *Clerimond*, *Orson*, and Duke *Savary*: And after a Day's Journey, arrived safe, and exceedingly rejoyced the Empress, when he told her that the Emperor was sorry he used her so ill, being guiltless, which the traitorous Priest confessed at his Death; moreover,

over, he told her, That the Emperor intended, when the City was free from *Sarazens*, to fetch her in Person, with his Son *Valentine*, and the Green Knight, which very much pleased her, especially, that her villainous Accuser had suffered an ignominious Death for his false Treason.

C H A P. XXXIV.

King *Trompart* comes to *Aquitain*, brings with him *Adrimain* the Enchanter, who betrays *Pacolet*.

Pacolet being arrived at *Aquitain*, at the same time that King *Trompart* came to aid *Ferragus* against the Christians, he thus salutes him :

Great King, by your Assistance I make no doubt to recover my Sister *Clerimond*.

Ferragus, says the King, doubt nothing I have brought with me *Adrimain* the Enchanter, whose Art is superior to *Pacolet*'s.

Thanks, gentle King, and if I can get *Pacolet* into my Hands, I will reward him liberally.

Says *Adrimain*, Fear nothing, I will undoubtedly do your Business, and so he fits himself for the Journey, and sets forward directly for *Equitain*; being come thither, *Pacolet* quickly saw him, and knew him.

From whence come you, says he, and what Grand brings you hither?

Why

Why, says *Abrimain*, you know I have long served King *Trompart*; yet so it is, by an unhappy Accident, I am fallen under his Displeasure; the Matter was thus: One of his Court having beat me for refusing to teach him my Art, I drew out my Knife and killed him, whereupon I am now fled to you for Protection.

Fear nothing, says *Pacolet*, you shall be safe, and whilst they were thus talking, *Clerimond* passed by.

Who is that? says *Adrimain*.



That is, says *Pacolet*, the beautiful Sister *Ferragus*, who is shortly to be married to a right valiant and noble Knight.

Whilst the two Enchanters were thus in Conference, comes *Orson*, and desires they would give them a Specimen of their Art, for the Entertainment

tertainment of the Company, upon which *Adrimain* causes a River to rise, and run through the Palace, to the Astonishment of the Beholders; and *Pacolet*, to give them a Touch of his Skill likewise, raises a Hart that ran thro' the River, and after the Hart, Hunters and Hounds, which at length he caused to vanish together. Quoth *Orson*, this is extremely well performed, and then the Company breaking up, *Pacolet* led *Adrimain* to his Chamber, which proved of fatal Consequence afterwards, for about Midnight he enchanted all within the Castle, and among the rest *Pacolet* himself. After that he got the Wooden Horse, and going into *Clerimond's* Chamber, caused her by his Art to mount behind him, and so turned the Pin and suddenly arrived at the Tent of King *Trompart*. Being come thither, he suddenly called the King from his Bed, telling him, He had brought him the fair Lady *Clerimond*, whom he had stol'n from *Aquitain*, together with *Pacolet's* Horse. But, says the King, dost thou know the Method to manage that famous Horse.

Yes, says the other, perfectly; I know, by Virtue of a Pin, how he is to be governed; having made this known, *Trompart* resolves to make the Experiment himself, so mounting the Horse, and taking *Clerimond* behind him, he thought to carry her into his own Country, and there marry her.

Adrimain being present all this while, tells him, My Lord, you must be very careful how you use the Horse, for if you err in any Particular, you endanger both your self and the

Lady. Fear not that, quoth *Trompart*; so turning the Pin, he flew with the Lady into the Air, and was two hundred Miles onwards of his Journey, before she waked from her enchanted Sleep. When she awaked she fell into a Swoon, which so terrified King *Trompart*, that he turned the Pin, and set the Lady down by the Side of a Fountain, in order to refresh and comfort her. When she came a little to her self, Alas! says she, how wretched a Creature am I! for I have lost all my Joys by cursed Treason. Oh my *Valentine*! my dearest *Valentine*! cursed be he that has been the Cause of this fatal Separation. *Trompart* hearing her making these heavy Complaints, Reprimands her very severely: What, says he, is it not better to have me for your Husband, that am Lord of all these vast Jurisdictions, than a pitiful Stragler, that has neith^r Lands nor Possessions, and at this he offered to kiss her, upon which she gave him a Stroke with her Fist upon the Mouth.

Trompart being enraged at this disdainful Usage, took her in his Arms, and placed her again upon the Wooden horse, thinking to carry her directly to his own Palace, but turning the Pin the wrong Way, unexpectedly set her down at a large Town, belonging to the King of India. In this place again, *Clerimond* renews her Lamentations, which *Trompart* Reprimands her severely for, not knowing yet but he had been in his own Country. But this fell out very unluckily for him, for the News of this being brought to the King of India, he caused *Trompart*

part to be brought before him, and ordered his Head to be cut off forthwith, in Revenge for the Death of his Brother, whom he had formerly slain. After this, the Lady was led to the Royal Palace, and entertained with all manner of Splendor and Magnificence; says the great King of the *Indies*, Your Beauty has inflamed me, and if you will grant me your Love, I will make you Queen of all this mighty Continent.

Sir, quoth the Lady, you speak very graciously, but I have made a solemn Vow not to take any Man to my Husband for the Space of a Year, after that Term is expired, I will readily give you my Consent.

Well, says the King, I allow your Request is reasonable, and in the mean time you shall live in my Palace, with all the Freedom and Satisfaction you can desire, where we must leave her to return to *Pacolet*, and look back into *Aquitain*, to see what heavy Lamentations were made for the Loss of the Lady *Clerimond*.

When *Pacolet* found he was betrayed by *Adrimain*, and that the Lady *Clerimond*, and his Horse were both gone, he was in such a Passion, that if he had not been prevented by *Orson*, he had certainly killed himself; at length coming better to his Senses, he resolves to be revenged on the Traytor *Adrimain*, so taking the Habit of a Maid, he steers his Course to *Ferragus's* Camp, where many of the *Pagans* sought her Love, which she still evaded, by saying, She was engaged to the Enchanter *Adrimain*. When she came to *Adrimain*, he received

her with all imaginable Satisfaction, and ordered one of his Servants to entertain her as well as possible, of whom she enquired what was become of King *Trompart*, who told her, He was gone into his own Country, and had carried with him the Lady *Clerimond*, upon a Wooden Horse, which his Master had procured, which when *Pacole*t heard it, cut him to the Heart.

By this Time *Adrimain* was returned to the Tent, and putting off his Cloaths, he goes into Bed, where *Pacole*t so strongly enchanted him, that he fell into a deep Sleep, and as he had done to him, so he did to all that were about him. When this was done, *Pacole*t puts off his Woman's Attire, and dresses himself in *Adrimain*'s best Apparel, and then took his Sword, and cut off his Head. From thence he went to the Tent of *Ferragus*, whom by his Art he forced to rise, and tying him to his Girdle, he led him to the Entrance of the City of *Aquitain*.

When *Pacole*t was entered the Gates, the Duke asked what was become of *Clerimond*; Have but a little Patience, says *Pacole*t, and I will inform you of the whole Matter. I am fully revenged on *Adrimain*, and have brought his Head, together with *Ferragus* himself, the whole Army I have charmed into a deep Sleep, and now you may slaughter them as you please.

After the greatest Part of the Army of the *Sararans* was destroyed, and the Town relieved, the Duke caused *Ferragus* to be brought before him

him, and offered if he would renounce *Paganism*, he should be spared, which he refusing to comply with, was immediately beheaded. Soon after this, *Orson* with *Bellissant* his Mother, and *Duke Savary*, set forwards towards *Constantinople*, which was then closely besieged by the *Sarazens*, and by the Help of *Pacole*, found Means to get into the City, which being at that time in extream Want of Provisions. *Valentine*, with the Green Knight, and a select Band of Soldiers, issued out of the Town, and set upon two hundred Waggon's loaden with Provisions, but returning with their Booty, they were surrounded, and after a brave and noble Defence, were both made Prisoners.

Valentine and the Green Knight being unfortunately taken, the *Soldan* in his Chair of State, was sitting to denounce Judgment upon them, when *Pacole* who pretended himself a Messenger from the King of *Algiers*, came to bring him an Account, that he was a coming with a mighty Army to his Assistance, and to desire him, if he had any Christian Prisoners, he would send them to him, by which Means he put a stop to his Judgment for some Time, and *Valentine* and the Green Knight were remanded back to Prison.

At Night *Pacole* went to them, and set them at Liberty, and give them a distinct Account of all the Proceedings at *Aquitain*. When they came together, by *Pacole*'s Advice, they resolve to fall upon the Enemy, whilst they were in their Confusion, and accordingly the Duke of *Aquitain*, put the Army in Order of Battle, whilst

whilst those from the City prepared to do the like on their Part.

Early the next Morning the Battle was joyned, when, through the Courage of their Generals, the Christians obtained a compleat Victory, and put most of the *Sarazens* to the Sword. And after it was ended, the Emperor, with Sighs and Tears of Joy, embraced *Bellissant*, asking a thousand Pardons for all the Hardships she had underwent upon his Account. Great was the Joy and Lamentations on all Sides, and when those Formalities were over, *Valentine* enquires after *Clerimond*, and finding she was carried away by the Enchanter *Adrimain*, was in the greatest Agony, till he was comforted by *Pacoles*, who assured him, he would quickly find Means to restore her to him with Safety.

C H A P. XXXV.

Orson accompanies King *Pepin* out of Greece: *Garniet* leaves a Knife in the King's Bed, and charges *Orson* with Treason, who claims the Combat against his Accuser, which was granted. *Valentine* in search of *Clerimond* arrives at Antioch, where he kills a Dragon, and causes the King of Antioch, with his whole Country, to be baptized, for which he is put to Death by *Brandifer*, who takes the Emperor of Greece, and the Green Knight Prisoners.

THE Wars ended, King *Pepin* left Greece and returned to France, and *Orson* being desirous to attend him, the King was content promising

promising in Default his Son *Charles*, he would make him his Heir, so after taking Leave, they departed on their Way toward *Paris*.

But *Valentine* having lost his Love, was very uneasy, and consulted *Pacolet*; whereupon they agreed to go in search of her, and taking Ship, they left that Country, and put out to Sea, where we leave them to return to King *Pepin*, who was by this time arrived at *Paris* with *Orson*, whose great Favour with the King, so fretted *Hausfry* and *Henry*, that they contrived how they might destroy him; and so they consulted *Garniet* and *Florent*, promising them, if they would murder the King, That they would take Possession of the Realm, and raise them to great Honour, telling them, moreover, That the Murder would be wholly laid on *Orson*, and so his being condemned and executed, will remove the chief Obstacle of their Ambition: For you must know, *Orson* had the Guard of the King's Bed chamber, and lay in a Pallet, near the King's Person. *Garniet* upon these Promises consented, and told *Hausfry* and *Henry*, he would that Night put it in Execution; so after Supper, he with a sharp Knife conveyed himself behind the Arras in the King's Chamber, but his Heart failing him, and thinking the King was almost awake, he only left the Knife in the Bed, and softly conveyed himself thence, and the next Day when the King was at Dinner, *Garniet* entred, and throwing himself at the King's Feet, told him, He had discovered a Treason to murder him, wherein *Orson* had a principal Hand, and that

he had heard him say, That there was a Knife in the King's Bed, which should that Night dispatch him. On which the King seemed wonderful sad, and his Attendants seized *Orson*, who was then present, till *Florant* returned, and brought the Knife out of the King's Bed, which *Garniet* had left there, which seemed a just Confirmation of the Treason laid to *Orson's* Charge.



But *Orson* seemed not at all concerned, knowing his Innocence, and demanding the Combat of his Accusers, threw down his Gage; Whereupon the King assembled his Peers, and it was resolved that *Garniet* and *Florant*, should accept *Orson's* Challenge, and fight him that Day Month. The Time being come, *Orson* attended by the Nobles, his Friends, entered the Lists, and soon after him his Adversaries, *Garniet*.

niet and *Florant*: The Signal being given, they rushed together, and *Orson* behaved himself so bravely, that in a short Time, he, with his Sword, dismounted *Florant*, and then running up to him, pulled off his Helmet, and cut off his Head, and throwing it aside, went against *Garniet*, whe being exceeding Wrath, smote at him with great Fury, but *Orson* avoiding his Blow, caught him in his Arms, e'er he cou'd recover himself, and threw him with great Force to the Ground, and getting a-stride on him, said, Now, Traytor, confess thy Treason, or I will instantly send thee after thy false Brother; whereupon *Hausfry* stepping in, said unto *Garniet*, Nephew, confess the Fact, and we will procure thy Pardon of the King.

Lord, says *Garniet*, I did put the Knife into the Bed, he had no sooner so said, but *Hausfry* drawing out his Sword, ran him through, and then turning to *Orson*, spoke thus, Cousin, I am glad you have here proved your self innocent, and so prevented *Garniet* from discovering him to be the Abetter of his Treasons.

Orson's Innocence much rejoyced King *Pepin*, and the whole Court, *Hausfry* and *Henry* only excepted, who at length met with their Reward; but we leave them to return to *Valentine*, who with *Pacoler*, was travelling in search of the fair *Clerimond*, and at length arrived at *Antioch*, where taking up their Inn, the Master of which acquainted him, That there was without the City a prodigious Dragon, which very much annoyed the Inhabitants, and which no Knight was so hardy to encounter, but was devoured;

voured ; upon hearing which, *Valentine* resolved to try his Fortune the next Morning ; and so having prepared every thing necessary for the Combat, he put on his Armour, and came to the Dragon's Den, whom the Dragon espying, ran towards him with great Fury, belching out Fire and Smoke, which nothing dismay'd the



couragious Night, but meeting her, with a Stroke of his Pole-ax, smote off one of her Wings, at which feeling the Pain, she gave so great a Roar, that ecchoed through all the adjacent Vallies, which the King of *Antioch* hearing, as he sat at Dinner, cry'd out, Certainly some Knight has slain our cruel Enemy the Dragon, and upon that, with his Wife *Rosamond*, getting up from the Table, he went to an high Tower, from whence they beheld
Valentine,

Valentine, who was just then cutting off the Monster's Head, and having so done, he mounted his Horse, and returned to the City, where he was joyfully received by the People, but particularly by the King and his Wife *Rosamond*, whom he soon after converted to the Christian Religion, to the great Displeasure of the Giant *Brandifer*, who was the Queen's Father, and who came thereupon against *Antioch*, with a great Army, and took it, and put the King to Death.



Which done, *Brandifer* returned to his own Country, but by the Way, meeting with a Tempest, he was forced thereby into *Cretophe*, a little City of *Greece*, where the Emperor and the Green Knight were at that Juncture, who being a Hunting without the City, fell into the

the Hands of *Brandifer's* Men, who took them Prisoners. Upon which the People of *Cretopbe*, sent for Aid, to the Empress *Bellifant*, who gathered all her warlike Men, and sent them under *Orson*, to the Relief of her Husband, the Emperor, but *Brandifer* having Notice of her Preparations, thought it most adviseable to retire into his own Realm, carrying with him the Emperor, and the Green Knight, whom when he arrived, he caused to be imprisoned in a Cave, among many other Christians: But now we must return to *Clerimond*, who remained still in *India*.

C H A P. XXXVI.

Clerimond feigns herself Mad, to avoid a Marriage with the King of *India*, *Valentine* desires *Brandifer*, and is sent by King *Lucar*, against King *Pepin*.

Trompart being dead, and *Clerimond's* Time expired, she was put to her Shifts, to avoid her Marriage with the King of the *Indies*, and could think of no better Way, than to fain her self Mad, which part she acted so well, that all her Attendants judged her to be really so. The King lamented her exceedingly, and many Ways are tryed to recover her but in vain, and so we leave her a while in her Chamber, and return to *Valentine*, who with *Pacolet*, was come into King *Trompart's* Dominions, to enquire after his beloved *Clerimond*. When *Valentine* came to

to his chief City, he made diligent enquiry what was become of *Trompart*, and the Lady *Clerimond*, whom he brought with him, but of this he could get no other Account, than that *Trompart* was slain by the King of *India*, but for the Lady, they knew nothing of her.

This News was very afflicting to *Valentine*, who hearing that King *Lucar* was preparing to invade the Dominions of the King of the *Indies*, he Determines to put himself into his Service, which *Lucar* accepted, upon Condition he would go to the King of the *Indies*, and in his Name bid him Defiance. Before his Departure, *Rosamond*, who formerly knew, and loved *Valentine*, sent for him to come to her Chamber, telling him, That she was married to *Lucar*, by the Commands of *Brandifer* her Father, much against her liking. Says she, You are going to the King of the *Indies*, with Defiance, and you have no way to preserve your Life, but by carrying him a Message from me. He loves me, and I love him, and if you'll shew him the Ring I shall give you, and tell him, That when King *Lucar* comes with his Host to invade him, I will come over with him, and then if his Love for me be so great as he pretends, he may secretly come to me, and I will find Means that he may carry me off.

Valentine thanking the Lady for her Instructions, assured her he would effectually execute her Commands, so hastening to the *Indian* King's Palace, where he was sitting in State, he came into the Hall to him, who looking upon him with a stern Countenance, ask'd him,
if,

if he was a Messenger from King *Lucar*, *Valentine* told him he was, and came to offer him Defiance; but withal, told him, he brought him better Tydings from the fair Lady *Rosamond*, and so deliver'd the Message Word for Word, according as she had directed, which so pleas'd the *Indian King*, that instead of putting him to Death, as he had done to all the former Messengers, he caused him to be nobly treated, and then sent him back with Letters, in answer to King *Lucar's* Defiance.

After *Valentine* had delivered the *Indian King's* Letters to King *Lucar*, it was resolved without more Delay, to cause the Army to March, and *Brandiser* swore by all the Gods, he would either lose his Life or return with Victory. Next Morning with an Army of two hundred thousand Men, they began to March, and in few Days came before the chief City of the *Indian King*, who getting up into a high Tower, to view the Situation of the Enemy's Camp, spy'd three Tents far more splended and shining than the rest; so he called his Heralds to know to whom they belonged, and being told, That one of them was *Rosamond's*, he caused his Army to issue out of the Gates, and fell upon the Enemies so suddenly, that before they were in a readiness to oppose him, he forced his Way to the Lady's Pavillion, where *Rosamond* spying him, she found Means to give the rest of her Attendants the slip, and put herself into his Custody, but as they were making their Escape, *Valentine* by the Assistance of *Pacoler*, found Means to recover her, and restored her again to her.

her Husband. *Valentine* had great Praise for restoring the Lady, and she herself outwardly shewed him a fair Countenance, till she could find a fit Opportunity to do him a Mischief, which she at length effected; for some time afterwards riding out to take the Air, of which she gave the King of the *Indies* Intelligence, he found Means to seize her, and carry her intirely off, to the no small Grief of King *Lucar*, her Husband: Soon after this, News was brought to *Brandifer*, that King *Pepin*, and the Emperor, had entered his Country, and were now laying Siege to the City of *Angory*.



This sudden News was very surprizing to *Brandifer*, who told *Lucar*, it was now high time for him to look after his own Dominions, and therefore advised him to send to the King of the *Indies*, to restore his Wife, and he would forget

forget the Death of his Father, and raise the Siege; to which the King of the *Indies* replied, that if he wanted a Wife, he must find another, for this he was fully determined not to part with; upon this Message *Brandifer* resolves to stay with *Lucar*, and to send *Valentine* and *Margalant* to raise the Siege of *Angory*.

Valentine with his Army, being come within Sight of King *Pepin*, he thought it adviseable to send Intelligence into the City.

And *Pacole* who was ready at hand, offered to carry the Message: Go thy way, says *Murgalant*, so *Pacole* departed, and went directly to the Camp of King *Pepin*, and desired to speak with *Orson*, to whom he imparts the whole Adventure, and all that had happened to his Brother *Valentine*, during his Absence.

After this, says *Pacole*, if you will be governed by me, I will put this whole Army into your Power, and at the same time take care of *Valentine*, whose Honour and Preservation is dearer to me, than my own; do as thou hast said, says *Orson*, and thou wilt do immortal Service to Posterity. When *Pacole* had concerted every thing proper for the Enterprize, and ordered it so, that *Valentine* should not stir out of his Tent, he went in the dead of the Night, and charmed the whole Army into a profound Sleep, so that King *Pepin* with sixty thousand Men, entred among them, and set Fire to their Tents, and slew all that resisted. *Murgalant* himself being struck through with a Dart, as he was endeavouring to make his Escape. *Valentine* finding in the Morning all that had happened,

pen'd, was Angry with *Pacolet*, and told him, He had been the Cause he had broke his Honour with *Brandifer*, for which, says he, he will never forgive me ; soon after this, the Christians took the City, in which was found great Riches, which was equally divided among the Soldiers.

C H A P. XXXVII.

Valentine returns to India, and brings with him the dead Body of King Murgalant : He bears Tydings of his Father. Pacolet frees the Indian King, and Lucar causeth a great Number of Indians to be drawn to Death at Horses Tails.



King Pepin having taken the famous City of Angory, Valentine taking with him the dead Body

Body of *Murgalant*, returns to King *Lucar*, to carry him the sorrowful Tydings of the Loss of the whole Army, with the Manner how it happened, which when *Brandifer* heard, he charged *Valentine* with Treachery, at which *Lucar* interposing, prevented a Quarrel, which had been other ways unavoidable.

The *Indian King* upon this News, judged it the fittest Time to try the Fortune of a Battle, which contrary to his Expectation, he lost, and was taken Prisoner by *Valentine*. After the Fight was over, and the *Indies* defeated, *Lucar* ordered the *Indian King* should be brought before him, telling him, That now he would be revenged on him, for the Death of his Brother King *Trompart*, and for all the other Injuries he had done him; whilst he was yet speaking, Messengers came to *Brandifer*, to inform him, That the City of *Angory* was taken, and all the Inhabitants put to the Sword. Well, says *Brandifer*; since it is so, Son *Lucar*, let us dispatch the *Indian King*, and then I will hasten to the Relief of my own People: I have there in a strong Castle, the Emperor of *Greece*, and the Green Knight, and at my Return, shall suffer Death likewise.

When *Valentine* heard that his Father was in the Custody of *Brandifer*, it repented him very much, that he had done him so great Service, and calling to *Pacoler*, advised with him, what was best to be done.

Says *Pacoler*, I will find Means to deliver the *Indian King*, and to put *Brandifer* into his Hands, by which Means King *Pepin* may still possess *Angory*, all which by the help of his Ar

the Night following, he effectually brought about.

The King of the *Indies* being thus set free, and arrived with *Brandifer*, in his own City, was met by *Rosamond*, who was very much startled at the Sight of her Father : Is there Peace says she. No, no, quoth *Lucar*, but *Mahomet* hath delivered him into my Hands, and freed me from Death ; and now the Charm being at an end, *Brandifer* awakes.

What Devil brought me hither ? says he, Set me at Liberty, I conjure you, that I may return to my Army.

'Twas not the Devil, says the other, that brought you, but *Mahomet*, for the sake of Peace, and here I am resolved to detain you. In the Morning, when *Lucar* found that the King of the *Indies* was escaped, and had taken *Brandifer* with him, he entirely lost his Patience, and ordered all the Guards to be hanged immediately, upon which *Valentine* and *Pacolet*, leaves the *Pagans*, and proceed in their Search after *Clerimond*.

You have heard how King *Pepin* took *Angory*, speak we next of the Treason of *Haufry* and *Henry*, who in the Absence of their Father in the Holy Land, with *Orson* and the twelve Peers of *France*, contrived a Plot to deliver them all into the Hands of the *Pagans*. Whilst this unnatural Conspiracy was in Agitation, the Caliph of *Bendas* comes to the Army, and by making a wise Representation of the dangerous State of the Matters, he ordered the Business so dextrously, that a Truce was concluded between

tween *Brandifer*, *Lucar*, and the King of the *Indies*.

Whilst Things were in this Condition, comes *Hanfry* to *Brandifer*, offering to betray to him his Father, and the twelve Peers of *France*, provided he would give him his Daughter *Galazy* in Marriage: But *Brandifer*, though a *Pagan*, thought the Proposal so exceeding Villanous, that dissembling his Resolution, he sent him with a Letter to his Daughter, in which he gave her an Account of his Treachery, and then ordered her to cause him to be seized, and committed to the same Castle, with the Emperor and the Green Knight: Where we'll leave them, and return to *Valentine* and *Pacolet*.

C H A P. XXXVIII.

Pacolet raiseth the Devil, to consult with him, upon the taking of a Castle. *Brandifer* imprisons the twelve Peers of *France*, and Ransoms *Lucar* from *Valentine*.

AFTER much Travel and Difficulties, *Valentine* and *Pacolet* arrive at the enchanted Castle, kept by *Galazy*, *Brandifer*'s Daughter, and being informed by a Devil, that *Pacolet* had raised, that it was Impregnable; they return'd to *Angory*, where they are informed, that King *Pepin*, with the twelve Peers of *France*, were gone a Pilgrimage to *Jerusalem*.

Not long after their departure, *Brandifer* reflecting upon what *Hanfry* had told him, resolves to go, together with *Lucar*, and the King
of

Valentine and Orson.

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of the *Indies*, in Quest of King *Pepin*, and finding him with his Peers at *Jerusalem*, by the Assistance of the King of *Jury*, seizeth them all. Wretched was the Condition of these worthy Men, under this terrible Misfortune, who are doomed to a miserable Dungeon, all except King *Pepin*, who being of a small Stature, the King of the *Indies* desired him for his Dwarf.



The *Indian* King being returned to his own Court was extremely delighted in the Conversation and Behaviour of his Dwarf, and was wont to imply him upon several Occasions, and among the rest, sent him one Day with a Plate of Meat, from his own Table, to the Lady *Clerimond*. The King seeing a beautiful Lady in so wretched a State, could not forbear pitying her, upon which it happened, that by discouraging

courting Matters between them, they came to discover each other, and to be acquainted with the Cause, and Manner of their respective Misfortunes : But to drop this Matter for the present, and to return to *Brandifer*, who having the twelve Peers of *France* in his Custody, thought now was the fittest Time to attempt the Subversion of that Country ; however, considering of what Advantage the Reduction of the City of *Angory* was to him, having instructed his Daughter in all that was requisite, for the Security of the Prisoners, and acquainted her with their several Characters, he departed to put himself at the Head of the Army.



Valentine, who kept the City for King *Pepin*, seeing the sudden Approach of the Army, was under great Surprize, but calling to *Paeolet*, he bid

Valentine and Orson.

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bid him fear nothing, for he would soon find him better News, and so departed to the Camp of King *Lucar*, who by his Enchantment, he brought back with him to the City of *Angory*, and presented him to *Valentine*. Some Hours after, *Lucar* waked, and *Pacolet* asking him a merry Question, he struck a Knife into his Belly, that he immediately fell down Dead upon the Spot, which unlucky Accident *Valentine* lamented to the last Degree. Not long after this, *Brandifer* missing *Lucar*, and hearing that he was a Prisoner in *Angory*, sent Messengers to *Valentine*, to offer him any Prisoner in his Custody, in Exchange for *Lucar*, and by the Consent and Approbation of *Orson*, and the twelve Peers, it was agreed upon, it should be the King of *France*; which Agreement was soon after punctually executed to the Satisfaction of both Parties.

C H A P. XXXIX.

Myllon Daughter, who was taken for the King of *France*, is delivered out of Prison in the room of King *Lucar*. *Valentine* beats the Sarazens in a pitch Battle; King *Pepin* is exchanged for the King of *India*, and hastens to *France* to the Relief of his Wife.

Brandifer knowing *Valentine's* Resolutions, sent Messengers forthwith to his Daughter *Galarix*, who kept the Castle, commanding her to deliver King *Pepin* to them. She in Obedience

dience to her Father, calls the Goaler, and bids him bring forth the King of *France*; upon which he goes to the Prison, and tells the supposed Knight, that he is commanded to set him at Liberty. Duke *Myllon* apprehending that he meant to put him to Death, replies, That he is ready to lay down his Life for his Religion, if it must be so. The Goaler replies, Sir, 'tis no such thing, for you are to be exchanged for a *Pagan* King, Prisoner among the Christians. Which when *Henry* heard, he repented his not having personated the King, and Duke *Myllon* took his Leave, after having comforted the Emperor of *Greece*, and *Orson*, who desired to be remembered to *Valentine*, and to tell him of their insupportable Miseries, which they wished him to redress. So Duke *Myllon* having paid his Respects to *Galazi*, went with the Messengers. When they came before *Brandifer*, he said to him, King, I sent for you, in order to have you exchanged for my Son *Lucar*, who is now *Valentine's* Prisoner. The Duke answer'd, Sir, if he is not delivered according to your Wish, I shall put my self again into your Hands; for the Duke departed, and in a little time arriv'd at *Angory*, and embracing *Valentine*, told him all that had happened to himself and King *Pepin*; which when *Valentine* heard, he applauded his Loyalty, and then caused King *Lucar* to be brought and dismiss'd, after he had bid him beware falling into his Hands again, lest he should revenge himself on him for *Pacole's* Death. *Valentine* having gather'd Strength by the Duke's Enlargement, marched against the Enem

Enemy with an Army of Fifty Thousand Men whom *Brandifer* with twenty four Vassal Kings opposed, and whose Army was so vast, that there was no coming near them for the Christians. But *Valentine* encouraging his Men, began a sharp and bloody Fight, in which both Duke *Myllon* and himself behaved himself right valiantly, and he was so desirous of Honour, that he cut his Passage almost to *Brandifer's* Standard, where his Horse was kill'd by the Indian Admiral, and himself would have perished, had not Duke *Myllon* relieved him with a fresh Horse, on which he retired from the Fight, and after a short Stay returned, and took the Admiral Prisoner in single Combat, which *Brandifer* and *Lucar* seeing, and finding they had the worst, resolved to embark for their own Country, to recruit their shatter'd Forces: So retiring disorderly, the Christians pursued them, and of that vast Pagan Army, but one hundred escaped alive, and the Christians returned from the Pursuit, laden with the Plunder and Baggage. After they had buried the Dead, *Valentine* caused the Prisoners to be brought before him, amongst whom was the Indian Admiral, of whom Duke *Myllon* demanded of what Country he was, he said, I am an Admiral of India, whom the King loveth. I am glad, says Duke *Myllon* to *Valentine*, we have taken him, for he will exchange him for King *Pepin*, whom his Master took at Jerusalem with us: So they enquired of him, whether he did not know a Christian of low Stature, in his Master's Court, he said, Yes. And

The History of

Valentine upon that told him, He was his Page, and that if the King of *India* would release him, he should be set at Liberty. The Admiral was very glad at this, and so presently writ to his Master about it. The King of *India* willingly assented to the Change, not knowing his little Dwarf to be the great King *Pepin*, and calling him, said, Friend, you must go to be exchanged for my Admiral, now Prisoner among the Christians. King *Pepin* thanked him, and presently ran to *Clerimond*, and told her, He'd soon send *Valentine* to release her : So he departed, and was received with great Joy by the *French*, and he told *Valentine* the good News of *Clerimond*'s being alive in the *Indian* Court. So they delivered the Admiral to the Messengers, and *Valentine* retired to his Chamber, and transcrib'd the Words, which were in *Pacolet*'s Tables, which did him great Service, towards the Safety of his Life, as will hereafter appear : News was brought to King *Pepin*, while at *Angory*, that *Arthur*, King of *Britain*, had invaded *France*, and drove thence his Queen, Brother, and Son *Charles*, which made him resolve to go forthwith in Person, to suppress the Usurper : But *Valentine* said, 'Twas best for him to stay there, and attempt the Relief of his Father, and the twelve Peers of *France*.

C H A P. XL.

Valentine under the Umbrage of a Physician, goes to India to speak with Clerimond, and rid away with her. The King of Britain betrayed and delivered to King Pepin. The Emperor, Orson, and the Green Knight go to the Assistance of Valentine, besieg'd in Angory. Valentine ignorantly kills his own Father, and afterwards with his Brother Orson, returns into Greece.



King Pepin having brought Valentine News of the Lady Clerimond, he resolved to take shipping with the Indian Merchant, attended only by an 'Squire, and so going from Angory, after a long Voyage, arrived at India, and putting himself in the Habit of a Physician, took up his Quarters at an Inn; the Master of which

which asked him, of what Profession he was, he said, a Physician, that could cure any Distemper, the Host believed him, and *Valentine* desir'd him to provide a Man for him, which the Host accordingly did, and whom *Valentine* caus'd to go about the City, saying, That there was a Physician lately arrived, who could cure any Distemper, and would undertake to cure the Mad.

The Tydings of his Skill coming to the King's Ear, and thinking he might recover *Clerimond* by his Means sent for him, and being at Dinner, made him sit down, and soon after spoke thus to him: Sir, I have a beautiful Lady in my Palace, whom I greatly Love, and would make my Queen, but her being possess'd with Lunacy obstructs it, now if you can by your Art restore her to her lost Reason, I will give whatever Reward you can ask. To which *Valentine* reply'd, Great King, I doubt not effecting it, so your Majesty grant my being left alone with her all Night, to observe the Nature of her Frenzy, to which the King assented, and *Valentine* was that Night, by his Order conducted to *Clerimond's* Apartment, where being arrived, and having made himself known to her, he had with Joy almost made her really mad, from only feigning to be so. Now in the middle of the Night, espying *Pacoler's* Horse in a secret Place in the Chamber, and knowing perfectly the Use of him, he with *Clerimond* and his Esquire, mounted immediately, and rode thro' the Air to *Angory*, where they were received with great Joy, and after *Clerimond* ha

had cloathed her self suitable to her Quality, the Marriage Rites were performed with great Solemnity. Next Morning the *Indian King* missing the Lady, was exceedingly enraged, and caused Pursuit to be made after them, but in vain.

These Affairs standing thus, speak we next of King *Pepin*, who is now upon his Journey to *France*, to assist his Wife against the King of *Britain*, who pressed her so very hard she was forced to fly for Succour, with her Son *Charles* to *Lyons*, where, by the Assistance of the Duke of *Anjou*, she made a noble Stand, till King *Pepin* arrived with a great Army to her Relief, upon whose Arrival the King of *Britain* was seized by his own Party, and brought to King *Pepin*, who ordered his Head to be smitten off, and then seized the Lands of all his Confederates. *Valentine* being sensible that the Castle wherein his Father the Emperor was confined, was no ways to be taken but by Treachery, disguises himself like a Merchant, and in twelve Ships, mann'd with Two Thousand Men, and landed with all Sorts of precious Commodities, landed at the Enchanted Castle, and going directly to the Gate, he met the Porter, telling him, He was a Merchant bound to *Spain*; with Ships laden with divers Goods of great Value, and that he was come, according to the Custom of the Country, to pay Tribute. Says the Porter, I will first go to my Lady, and bring you an Answer immediately.

The Lady, when she heard the Matter, ordered the Seneschal to go and receive the Tribute,

bute, but withal to take a Band of Soldiers with him, lest they should offer him any Injury, which accordingly he did, but they were no sooner come Aboard, then *Valentine's* Men set upon them, and slew them; afterwards he



ordered Fifty of his Company, to put on the *Sarazens* Gowns over their Armour, and to load themselves with Silk, and post to the Castle; which when the Porter saw, he let down the Draw-bridge, whereupon *Valentine* seized and carried him to the Ships, where shewing him the dead Bodies, he told him, He would instantly make him like them, unless he gave him free Entrance into the Castle. The Porter being terrify'd by his Menaces, shewed him a private Postern, at which he entered with all his Men, and going to the Chamber of fair
Galaxy,

Galazy, who being frighted at his Appearance, and the Shouts of his Companions, earnestly entreated him to spare her Life and Virginity.

After the *Pagans* were all slain, *Valentine* came to the Dungeon, and set the Emperor, *Orson*, and all the other Christians at Liberty, who made great Rejoycings for eight Days, in which time *Orson* fell in Love with *Galazy*, and after the Death of *Fexon*, married her, and by her had a Son called *Ofayr*, who was afterwards Emperor of *Constantinople*.

At length a Council was called, wherein 'twas concluded, that *Orson* and the Green Knight should remain there, and defend the Castle, whilst *Valentine* and the rest addressed themselves for *Angory*, except *Haufry* and *Henry*, who returned to *France*, where, being arrived, they plotted together how to destroy their Father, and their little Brother *Charles*, and soon after poison'd the King, and Queen *Bertha*, but little *Charles* happening under the keeping of *Mykon Daugler*, so that their Treason had no Effect on him.

Now soon after this, *Haufry* and *Henry* imprison'd Duke *Myllon*, but the Child was protected by a Knight, who convey'd him into a safe Retreat, where we leave him, and return to Duke *Myllon*, whose Lady had sent Letters to *Valentine*, in *Angory*, concerning the Treaty of *Haufry* and *Henry*, and desiring his Aid, telling him likewise of her Husband's Imprisonment, for espousing the Interest of King *Pepin's* Son *Charles*. Now when *Valentine* received these

Tydings, he was exceeding sorrowful, and taking *Pacolet's* Horse, he set forward towards *France*, to relieve Duke *Myllon*, which accordingly he effected, and convey'd him soon after to *Angory*, in whose Absence *Brandifer* had come against the City, and besieged it with a great Army.



The Emperor hearing that *Angory* was besieged, resolved to succour it, and leaving the Care of the Castle to a Knight; he with *Orson*, and the Green Knight, took Shipping with a Thousand Soldiers; in their Passage they are attack'd by a Fleet of *Sarazens*, in which Action several were slain on both Sides, and among the rest, the Pagan Admiral by *Orson*; in the End, the Christians got the Advantage, and by the Advice of the Emperor, they put on the Arms

Arms of the dead *Sarazens*, which proved very fatal, as you will find hereafter; for by this unhappy Accident, *Valentine* slew his own Father.

After a Month's Stage, *Valentine* divides his Army into twelve Squardrons, resolving to attack *Brandifer*, who also divided his into twelve, upon which ensued a most bloody and desperate Battle, both Parties striving for Glory and Conquest.

In the Heat of the Battle, News came that a Fleet of *Sarazens* was entering the Haven. Upon which *Valentine* gave Orders to defend the Avenues, and went himself to be present at the Action: But see how Fortune often alters the State of Things, for the Emperor having landed his Men, whom *Valentine* perceiving to be armed like *Sarazens*, and taking his Father to be their Leader, he with great Force ran against him, and thrust his Spear quite through his Body, which *Orson* seeing would have prevented, but his Care was too late, for the Emperor was expir'd, which when it was told *Valentine*, he fell from his Horse in a Swoon, and as soon as he revived, he wept bitterly, saying, Alas! what have I done? I should be happy if God would deprive me instantly of my wretched Life. Oh! what will become of me! my Life has been spent in Troubles, Torments, and Care; and now to add more Sorrows to my Days, I have spilt the Blood of my Father. Brother *Orson*, take my Sword, and cut off my Head, that the Earth may not contain so bloody a Wretch.

But *Orson* comforted him, and ordering an Horse to be brought, *Valentine* mounted thereon, and ran with such Fury among the *Pagans*, that not one escaped with Life, who oppos'd his Passage. Now began the Battle to wax hot, and the *Pagan King Christo* slew the Christians on every Side, till meeting *Valentine*, who gave him so great and prodigious a Stoke, that pierc'd quite through his Body, and the Sword appear'd at his Back: In this Battle, Duke *Myllon*, and *Reynard* of *Province*, adventur'd so far, that they were taken Prisoners: Yet notwithstanding their adverse Fortunes, they at length regained their Liberties, and made young *Charles* King of *France*, to the Destruction of *Hausfy* and *Henry*, and all their Accomplices.

Yet was not this long and tedious Battle ended, for each Party behaved themselves with great Valour and Obstinacy. *Valentine* regardless of his Life, at last met with *Brand-ser*, who encountred him with such Fury, that both fell to the Earth, but *Valentine* nimbly recovering himself, gave the Giant so great a Blow, that he clave his Head, which King *Baumant* his Brother, seeing, left the Field, and commanded that a Retreat should instantly be sounded; the Christians pursuing slew many thousands of the *Pagans*, besides those that leap'd into the Sea, and drowned themselves; but the Night coming on, they retir'd into the City laden with the Booty of the slaughtered *Pagans*; and the next Morning burying their Dead, they made great Lamentations for the Death of the
Emperor

Emperor of Greece, unhappily kill'd by his Son *Valentine*.

The *Pagans* being overcome, and the Giant *Brandifer* slain, Duke *Myllon* departed on his Way to *France*, after he had taken leave of *Valentine* and *Orson*, who were then preparing for their Journey to *Constantinople*; but before their Departure, they crown'd the Green Knight King of *Angory*, with great Joy and Solemnity, and then taking their leave of that brave and valiant Knight, they set Sail for *Greece*, where being arrived, after a long and tedious Voyage, they were receiv'd with the utmost Kindness and Affection, by the good Lady *Bellisant*, Empress of *Constantinople*, who rejoyc'd extreamly to see the two valiant Princes her Sons, till the unwelcome News of the unhappy Death of the Emperor her Husband, and gave a mournful Check to their Rejoycing.

After the Empresses Mourning was over, and all other Matters effectually settl'd, 'twas agreed, That the noble Brothers should jointly govern the Empire. But *Valentine* being still affected with Grief, for the Death of his Father, resolv'd on a Pilgrimage, to the Holy Sepulchre; so calling his Wife *Clerimond*, and taking a solemn Leave of her, desiring earnestly to be recommended to his Mother and his Brother *Orson*, he left his beloved Consort drowned in Tears, for the Loss of so good and excellent a Husband.

Valentine takes leave of Clerimond, and goes a Pilgrimage. Hugon demands Clerimond in Marriage, and betrays Orson, and the Green Knight. Bellifant and Clerimond, discover Hugon's Treason. Galeran loseth his Head, and Orson and the Green Knight are set at Liberty.

*V*alentine having comforted his Wife all he could, desir'd her to give him her Wedding ring, which he broke and divided between them. My Love, says he, take your half and keep it, and believe nothing of me, till you see the other half of the Ring: At which Words, he embrac'd her, and so departed, attended only by one Page, and after a long Voyage, he came at length to Rome, and sending for a Hermit, he confess'd the Death of his Father, for which he was enjoyn'd a severe Penance, for the space of seven Years, which he readily comply'd with, and accordingly, soon after he departed, and took his Abode in a Wood, where he remained so long, till he was almost worn out of Remembrance.

After Orson had read the Letter, which his Brother *Valentine* had left, he burst out into a Flood of Tears, saying, This Letter signifies, that he never intends to return; at which *Clerimond* fell into a Swoon, that she could hardly be recover'd. Extream was the Sorrow likewise of his Mother and his Brother *Orson*, but all in vain.

But

But to return again to *Valentine*, who was now come to *Constantinople*, in a Condition so exceeding Miserable, that he was utterly unknown to every Body: In this poor Condition, he went begging about the City, and at length came to the Palace of *Orson* his Brother, about Supper-time, where those that attended would have beat him away, had he not forbid them, saying, I love all Strangers for my Brother *Valentine's* sake.

At Night, by the Emperor's Permission, he took up his Abode in some Out-house, in the Palace, lying upon a Bed of Straw, where his Brother seeing him as he pass'd by, gave him Money, as did his Mother the Empress, and the Lady *Clerimond*, but as fast as they gave it him, he gave it to some of the poor People, that were next to him, and in this State he continued for some time, eating nothing but the Scraps from the Basket.

At that time, there was a King of Hungary, named *Hugon*, who hearing that *Valentine* was dead came to *Constantinople*, in hopes to gain the Love of *Clerimond*, his Widow; to which having solicited her with great Earnestness, and finding her still resolute in her Denial, he pretends that he was determin'd upon a Pilgrimage, to the Holy Sepulchre, and at the same time requested *Orson* to bear him Company: Who answer'd, with all my Heart, provided that he would go by *Angory*, that they might take with them the Green Knight. This being agreed upon, they take leave and repair to *Angory*, where they found him ready to receive them,

them, and after some short stay there, he went with them to *Jerusalem*.

Whilst *Orson* and the Green Knight were busy in viewing the Rarities of the Place, *Hugon* went privately to the King of *Jury*, and told him, That the two Knights that were his and *Mahomet's* greatest Enemies, were now in the City, in the Nature of Pilgrims, and if you will only give me their Gold Seals, I will undertake to deliver them both to you, to which *Rabestre* cheerfully agreed, and having learn'd by the Patriarch where he sent 700 armed Men, who seized them both, whilst they were at Dinner, and brought them before him, who used them with great Indignity, telling them they were Enemies to their Lives and Religion, and if they had *Valentine* likewise, they should be all treated after the same Manner, and so commanded their Seals to be taken away, which he afterwards deliver'd to *Hugon*, who having taken into his Confederacy, one *Galaran*, it was concerted between them to forge a Letter in the Name of *Orson*, and to seal it with his own Seal, and that *Galaran* should go with it forthwith to *Constantinople*, and to deliver it to *Clerimond*.

Having contriv'd the Letter *Orson's* Name, in which was set forth, That *Valentine* was dead, and that it was his Request, that his Sister, the Lady *Clerimond*, could not dispose of her self better, than by giving her self in Marriage to *Hugon*, the great King of *Hungary*. With this Letter, *Galaran* set forward, being following by *Hugon* himself, *Galaran* being come to *Constantinople*, quickly found an Opportuni-

ty, to deliver the Letter, which when *Clerimond* saw, she grew exceeding sorrowful, sadly lamenting the Loss of her dearest *Valentine*.

Valentine, who was in the Hall, observ'd all that pass'd, but fearing to be discover'd, kept all things in Silence, till hearing his Mother *Bellisant*, press his Lady, to cease her Grief, and to accept of *Hugon* for her Husband, he thought it was now high time to do something to prevent the Destruction of the Innocent and Virtuous *Clerimond*; in order to which, he goes out of the City, and finding a Pilgrim at the Gate, he prevail'd with him, to lend him his Weeds. And having put them on, he went directly to Court, and meeting with the Lady *Bellisant*, he beseech'd her to shew him the Wife of *Valentine*, for he had Matters of the greatest Importance to impart to her. Quoth she, I am the very Person. Then know, Lady, says he, I bring you Salutations from *Valentine* your Husband, who commands me to tell you he is alive, and will be with you in three Days: Pilgrim, says she, take good heed to what you speak, for I have been solemnly assur'd, that he is dead. Believe them not, Lady, says he, for I will undergo any sort of Punishment, or Death, if it be not true what I have said. *Hugon* being present, and hearing every thing that the Pilgrim said to the Lady, fearing to have his villainous Plot detected, got immediately upon his Horse, and made the best of his Way, and from that Day forward, was never after seen at *Constantinople*.

Soon after this, *Galaran*, the other Conspirator came in, and being asked by the Lady *Bellifant*, what was become of *Hugon*, who making no reply, she grew extremely enrag'd, and vow'd that he should not escape, till he had discover'd the whole Treason; to which *Galaran* reply'd, Ladies, have pity on me, and I will tell you all. My Uncle *Hugon*, is guilty of Treason, and has basely sold to the *Pagans*, *Orson*, and the Green Knight, upon which the Ladies were seiz'd with the utmost Terror; and *Galaran* was presently hang'd, as a just Reward for his Perfidy. By this time *Valentine* had laid aside his Pilgrim's Habit, and was return'd to Court; where *Clerimond* spying him, said, Poor Man, where have you been, methinks you seem'd Angry, because I refus'd to marry with *Hugon*. *Valentine* reply'd, Not at all Madam; and so he left her.

King *Jury*, as has been said, having *Orson* and the Green Knight in his Custody, sent for them, and solemnly swore, that unless they would deliver to him the City of *Angory*, he would cause them both to be put to Death. *Orson* reply'd, They would never Consent to any such Proposal, unless *Hugon* was releas'd likewise; to which the King reply'd, Speak nothing of that Traytor, for it is he that has betray'd you into my Hands, at which they were both exceedingly surpriz'd, and vow'd they would never rest, till they had been revenged of him.

After the Agreement was made, the two Knights return'd to *Constantinople*, where *Clerimond* told *Orson*, she heard Tyding of *Valentine*.

Not

Not long afterwards, *Orson* rais'd an Army and marched to *Angory*, to chastize *Hugon* for his Perfidy, who when he came there, he offer'd to fight with any Person whatever, *Orson* excepted, that should presume to call him Traytor. The Green Knight accepted the Challenge, fought with him, and slew him, by which means his Treason came to be more manifest, and render'd to *Orson* the Empire; after this they returned in Triumph to *Constantinople* where *Clerimond* remain'd extremely disconsolate, that she had heard nothing further of her beloved *Valentine*.

C H A P. XLII.

Valentine dies at Constantinople, and Orson turns Hermet.

W H E N *Valentine's* seven Years of Penances were expir'd, he fell dangerously Sick, and being made sensible by a Vision, he should expire in a few Hours, he made Signs for Pen, Ink, and Paper, and wrote, That 'twas he was the Pilgrim that discovered *Hugon's* Treason, and after having put the half Ring into the Paper, and clos'd it up, he calmly laid him down, and gave up the Ghost.

When *Orson* saw that he was dead, he grew exceeding sorrowful, and coming to him, he attempted to take the Paper, which he still held in his Hand, but the Hand would not open, till *Clerimond* came, and then it open'd of its own accord. When she had look'd into the Letter, and found there the half Ring, says

says she, Now for certain we have heard News of *Valentine*. Upon the reading the Letter, great Lamentations were made, but especially by *Clerimond*. Alas! says she, I have lost all my Joy, in my dearest Lord, and to aggravate my Misery, that he should dye so near me, and I be unsensible of it. Great Preparations were made for his Interment, which was performed with great Magnificence at *Constantinople*, where *Clerimond* remained a mournful Widow to the End of her Life.

Orson, after his Death grew extremely pensive, and betook himself to the Woods and Groves, living only upon Roots and Herbs. Sometime after he had a glorious Vision, upon which he went to the Green Knight, and told him, *This World was nothing but Uncertainty*, and that, for that Reason, he was resolv'd to retire and leave it. My Estate and Children I commit to your Conduct, I beseech you take care of them, for the Sake of your Friend, upon which, observing the Green Knight began to weep, Weep not, says he, but rather pray for me, as I shall do for you, that you may faithfully accomplish your Trust, and having thus spoke, he took his Leave, and retir'd to the Woods, where he continued to the End of his Days.

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